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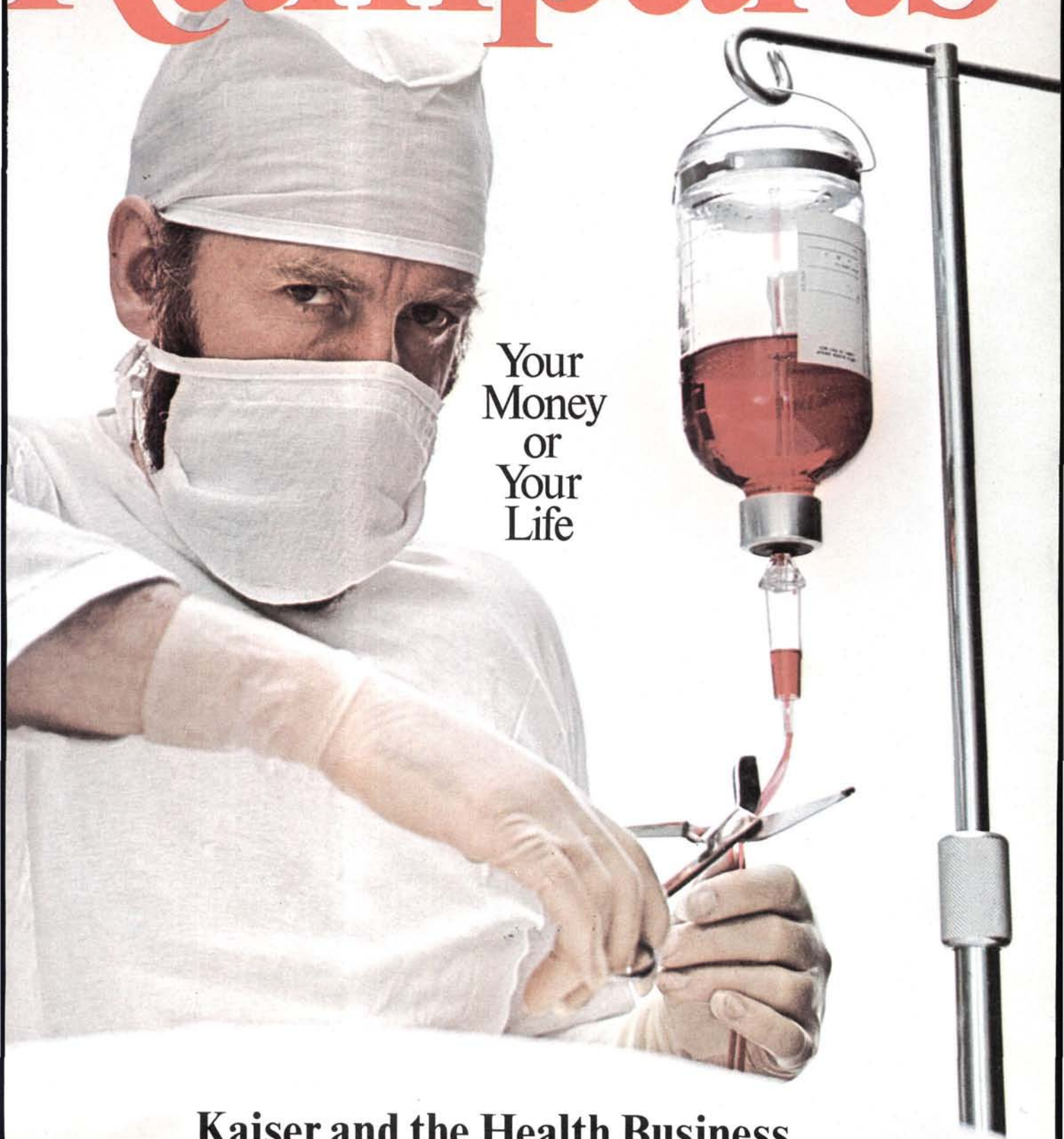

Your Money or Your Life

Kaiser and the Health Business

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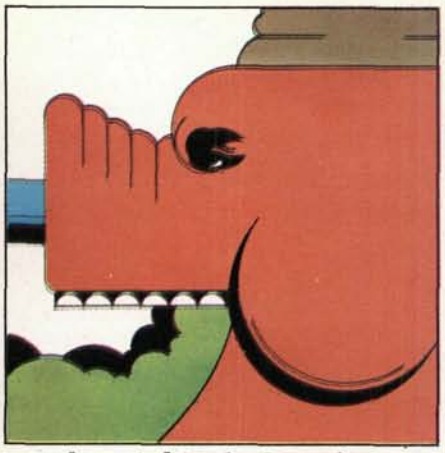

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Indexed in Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature

Back volumes available from University Microfilms, Ann Arbor, Michigan

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RAMPARTS is published monthly by Ramparts Magazine Inc. MAIN OFFICES: 1940 Bonita Ave., Berkeley, California 94704, telephone (415) 849-4771. EASTERN ADVERTISING OFFICE: 15 E. 40th St., New York, N. Y. 10016, telephone (212) 686-5090. SUBSCRIPTION RATES: $8.50, one year; $15.00, two years in USA and possessions. Foreign rate: $9.50, one year; $17.00 two years. Foreign Airmail rate: Mexico, Central America, Caribbean Islands, $17.00; Europe, South America, Africa (bordering the Mediterranean), $21.00; Far & Near East, USSR, Australia & remainder of Africa, $26.50. Single issue, 75 cents.

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MANUSCRIPTS: Unsolicited manuscripts submitted to RAMPARTS must be sent with stamped, self-addressed envelope to ensure their return. RAMPARTS editors assume no responsibility for unsolicited manuscripts. Second copies should be retained by writer. SUBSCRIPTION CORRESPONDENCE: Send both new and old address (enclose recent magazine address label, if possible). Please allow six weeks for change of address. Second-class postage paid at Berkeley, California, and at additional offices. Printed in the U. S. A.

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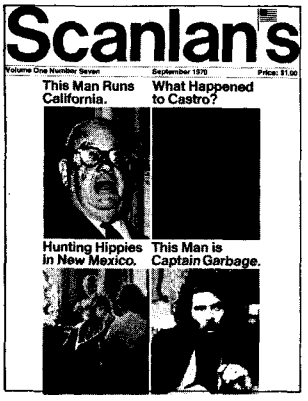


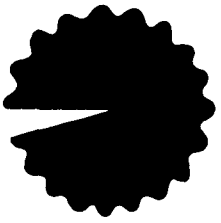
SCANLAN'S is a new magazine.

It's probably the only magazine ever named for a universally loathed Irish pig farmer. It's probably also the only magazine which pays advertisers for running their ads or which charges its readers for their letters to the editor. But more about that later.

SCANLAN'S is run by two guys – Warren Hinckle (formerly of RAMPARTS), and Sidney Zion (formerly of THE NEW YORK TIMES). You could think of SCANLAN'S as a cross between RAMPARTS and THE NEW YORK TIMES. You'd be dead wrong, but you could think of it that way if you wanted to. SCANLAN'S feels people should think what they want to think.

AXE

SCANLAN'S has no axe to grind politically or otherwise, but we're more than willing to take a whack at anyone of whatever persuasion if we think he deserves one, including members of our most hallowed institutions. Not that we have anything against Mom or Apple Pie or The Flag, but still. You trust your mother but you cut the cards.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Some folks are going to hate SCANLAN'S quite a lot. Some not so much. Some might get a big kick out of it. We hope not *everybody* likes SCANLAN'S, because if everybody likes yo then you're in trouble. (You can tell a man b his enemies, and all that.)

SCANLAN'S is not a service magazine. It wil not tell you how to find a husband or a wife or bed partner, and it will not tell you how to tur a butterchurn into a lamp or a lamp into a butter churn. If we like something, if we think it's ex citing, we'll run it in SCANLAN'S even if i seems out of place. We think magazine editor who say, "This article is great, but it's not fo us," are full of it.

Here are some examples of the sort of thin you'll find in SCANLAN'S:

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★ How people counterfeit credit cards and ge away with it.

★ How to impeach Richard Nixon and get awa with it.

★ How after six months and one billion dollars advertising got to own ecology.

★ An inside, gossipy, substantive, and alto gether lovely attack on Newsweek by one of its ex-staffers.

★ New Hot Water for Teddy Kennedy – a story that has thus far proven too hot for any Ameri can newspaper to handle.

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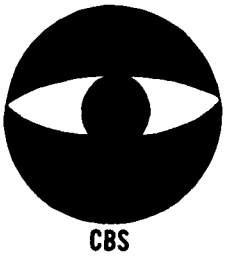
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BUT YOU CUT THE CARDS.

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- Personal stories of the women of the Chicago even.
- A high school student's attack on the SDS as eing elitist and paternalistic.
- A mobster's review of two new books on the lafia.
- More things like the above, some of it even etter, some of it not.

Now about that business of paying advertisers. We at SCANLAN'S happen to be financially independent for the present because we old stock in our magazine, went public and aised 675,000 bucks. This is a lot of money, even or boozehounds like Warren Hinckle and Sidney ion, so we're in fairly solid shape.

Still, we enjoy reading a really good ad as uch as a really good article, and since we aren't ard up for Madison Avenue money, we figured hy not pay a guy who writes a terrific ad as well s we pay a guy who writes a terrific article? We ay from $1,000 to $1,500 for articles, so we uess we can pay $500 for a really top-notch ad.

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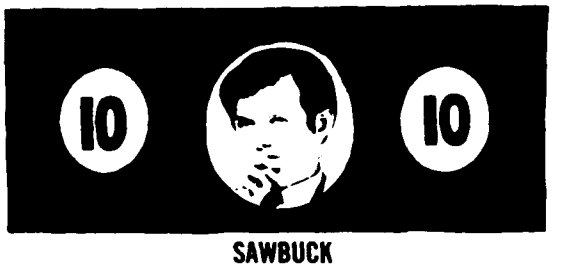
So much for that. Now comes the pitch.

If you have already read this far, you are at east *somewhat* intrigued by what we are selling, ight? Now then, what we are selling costs a uck an issue, or since this is a Charter Subscription, *ten* bucks for *twelve* issues – which is not eanuts but which is not Baked Alaska either.

Let's face it, what's ten bucks these days anyay? Seven drinks in a bar, or three-and-a-third tickets to an arty movie. A subscription to SCANLAN'S, even if it isn't better, will at least *last* longer.

So think it over. If you're a big enough sport to gamble a sawbuck, fill in the coupon below, drop it into an envelope and mail it in. We'll raise a little hell together in the next twelve months.



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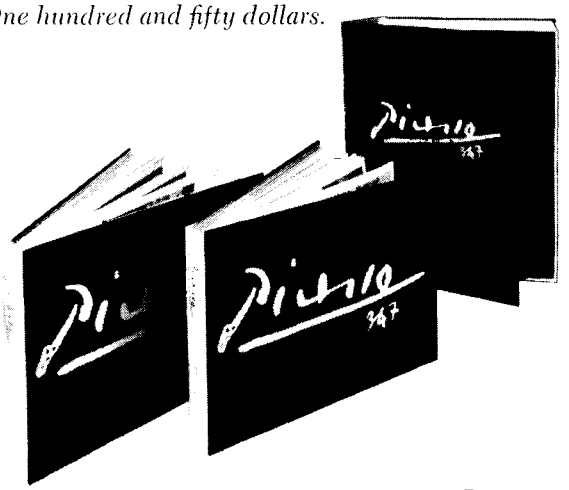

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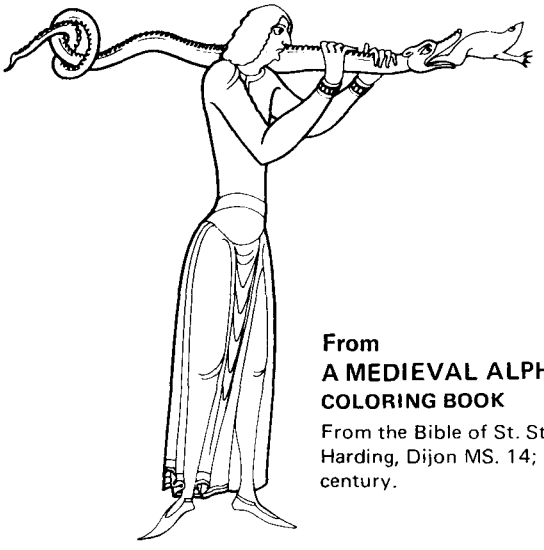

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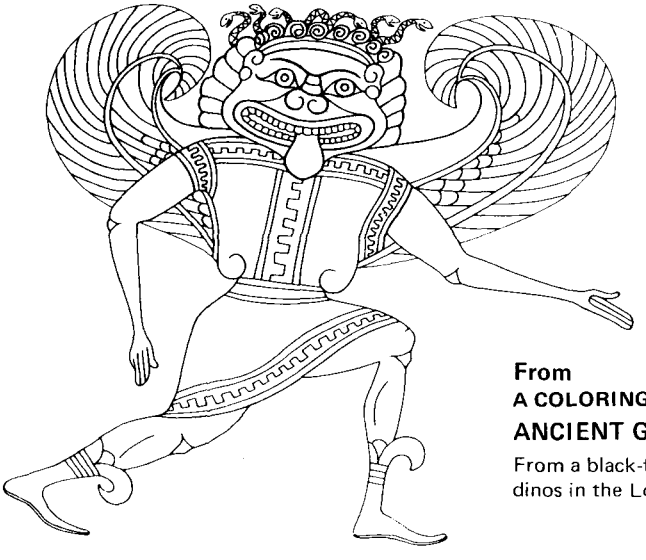

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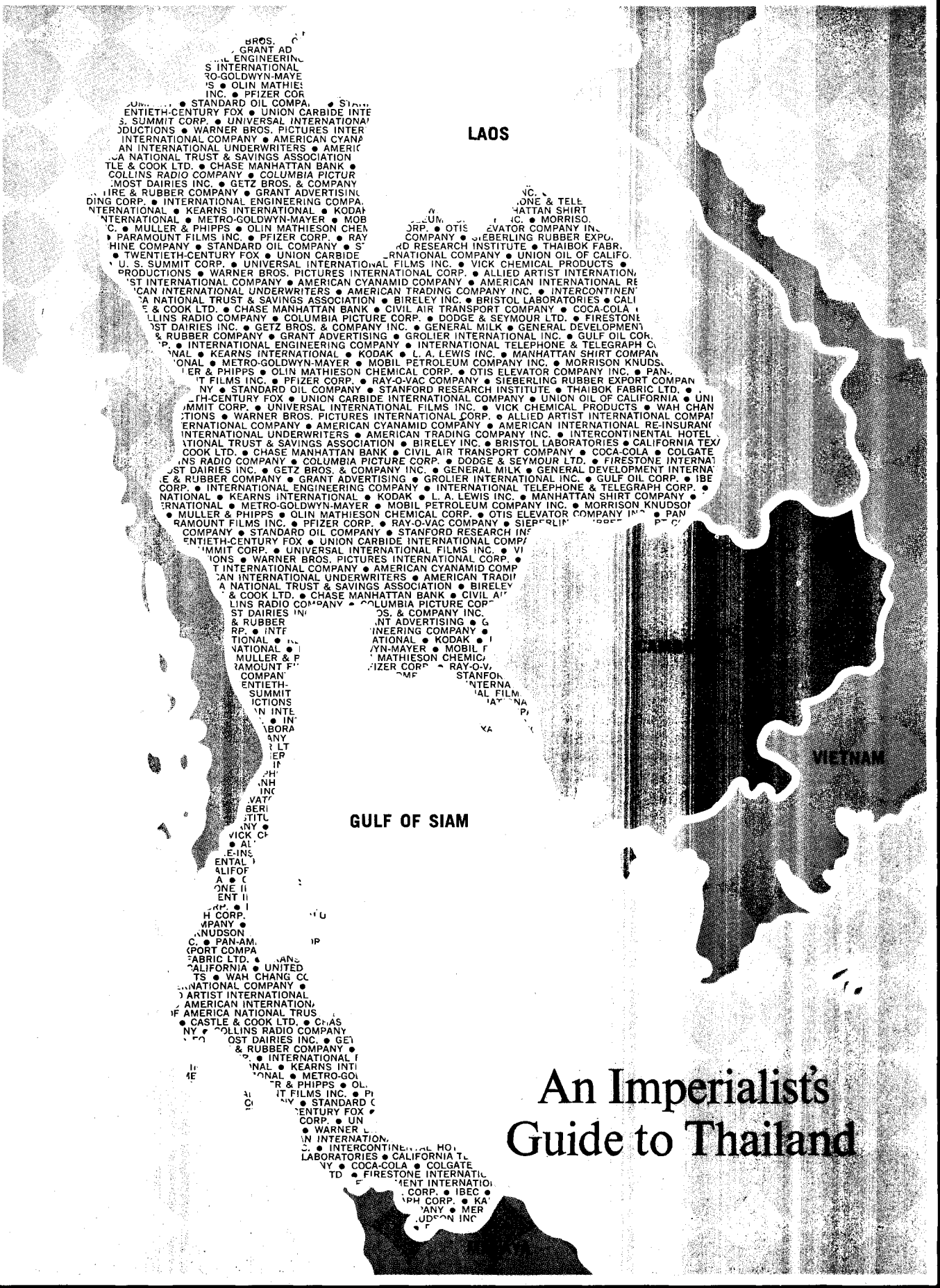

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The Dominoization of Thailand

IN 1861, KING MONGKUT of Siam offered Abraham Lincoln elephants to aid the Union cause in the Civil War. The President politely refused the help, but that was not the end of military relations between the two countries. Thailand is no longer whimsically isolated from world realities; nor does it have a choice in the way it lines up on international issues. Over the past two decades, Thais have watched their country become a giant airstrip, where American B-52s, fighter-bombers and helicopter gunships roar off on missions of death for other Southeast Asian countries. They have seen their own troops become U.S. mercenaries, and their borders used as staging points for Special Forces and CIA personnel on missions of subversion into Laos and North Vietnam.

Thais have watched helplessly as their nation has become an American military base and neo-colony. U.S. Senator Gale McGee stated in a recent speech that "Southeast Asia is the last major resource area outside the control of any one of the major powers on the globe." And the mammoth Chase Manhattan Bank has been even more specific: "Thailand promises to be an excellent investment and sales area for Americans," its Economic Research Division writes, "if rebel insurgency can be contained."

The various minorities that make up Thailand have tried to resist the destruction of their culture and their forcible integration into a U.S.-controlled political economy. But the U.S. military advisors who train Thai troops to fight in South Vietnam, Cambodia and Laos have also trained them to fight rebels at home. Meanwhile hordes of AID and American university personnel comb the countryside, studying every aspect of Thai life and recommending and implementing programs of counter-insurgency.

Thailand has changed greatly in the century since its king naively offered a U.S. President military aid. Since then America has decided to fight its wars abroad, not at home—wars that make sure countries like Thailand stay in the Free World bank account.

[I]

THE THAI ELITE, whose body and soul is now completely owned, once prided itself on an ability to resist colonial domination. In the 19th century, the Thais closed their country to the probes of imperialism, and tried to modernize by selective contact with the West. This relative independence was validated by a British-French agreement to let Thailand remain a buffer state between their respective colonial empires in Malaya-Burma and Indochina.

Thailand's privileged status was ended by an event which has shaped the course of its history for the last quarter century: the United States' victory over Japan in World War II and its emergence as the dominant power in the Pacific Basin. The U.S. quickly decided that Thailand's position was critical for consolidating an American foothold on the Southeast Asian mainland; by 1950, U.S. military and economic aid began to flow to the Thai government, then headed by General Phibun, a former Japanese puppet whose military regime rode to power on a 1948 coup.

Urged on by U.S. money and by the long shadow of the Chinese Revolution, the Thai army and police began an anti-communist crusade in the early '50s. Their campaign was focused on Thailand's Chinese Community, and it began officially in 1952 with the passage of the Un-Thai Activities Act (sic), supposedly aimed at combating "communist subversion," even though the Thai Chinese Community was notoriously apolitical. But if General Phibun's attack could not rid his country of a communist menace that did not exist, it could establish his control over the Chinese Community which had traditionally been the backbone for Thailand's indigenous economy. The Chinese entrepreneurs and businessmen responded to the anti-communist hysteria by paying a kind of "protection" money to the Thai elite—offering them positions on the boards of directors of Chinese corporations and other financial incentives.

Even though it was borne of intimidation, this alliance might have been able to slowly industrialize Thailand by relying on domestic rather than Western capital and thus avoid the disastrous controls that were always attached to investment. But this last hope for economic autonomy in Thailand was quickly foreclosed by the U.S.

THAILAND'S SMALL MEASURE OF economic independence had rested upon the government's ability to finance the infrastructure for development from export surplus. But after the Korean War, the U.S. dumped large quantities of tin, Thailand's third largest export, on the world market; meanwhile, the price of rubber, Thailand's second largest export, was forced down by the falling off of war-time demand and by American corporations' marketing of new synthetics; the price of rice, Thailand's largest single export, was also plummeting.

As this surplus dried up, the U.S. and its international financial arm, the World Bank, prepared to appear at the moment of Thai financial crisis with offers of financial and technical assistance. All that was asked in return for this subsidy was that the Thai military regime abandon any attempts to create an autonomous economy and allow Thailand to become an object of U.S. corporate expansion.

Since Thailand's status as a bona fide U.S. colony has been guaranteed, American financial commitments—now totaling nearly $600 million in economic assistance and some $900 million in military aid—have been accelerated. But the U.S. was not content with being the Thais' guardian. It wanted to be their mentor as well. And thus, while systematically destroying what chance the Thais might have had for economic independence, the U.S. has also set about the task of re-ordering Thai society—from rebuilding its military and government administration, to introducing new agricultural techniques and a Western-oriented educational system. To coordinate and implement this massive cultural onslaught, it has called in the U.S. Agency for International Development (AID), which has its own kind of Catch 22: While AID is supposed to help Third World nations help themselves, it in fact helps American businesmen help themselves to the Third World. This is AID's mandate.

by Banning Garrett

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[II]

TO DETAIL THE ACTIVITIES OF USAID in a country like Thailand is to see up close the warts on the face of imperialism. It is to witness the corruption of a country from within and the spectacle of traditional institutions and values being eaten away and replaced with something jerry-built and distinctively American.

In 1967, for instance, AID proposed studies on peasant reaction to U.S. plans for "radical" changes in traditional agricultural methods and the consequent disruption of rural life. Would the new high-yield crops, miracle grains, and computerized agricultural techniques increase the economic surplus or the peasant leisure? This was one question AID asked, making it clear that it voted for the surplus because it could be exported while peasant leisure could not. Would the peasants squander their additional income? How could they be convinced to invest it in further mechanization? At the same time it was surveying ways of manipulating human problems, AID was also studying marketing techniques for chemical fertilizers, whose U.S. exporters had increased their sales to Thailand by 300% between 1966 and 1967.

AID has also worked closely with the Thai government and American corporations to understand the problems arising from an intensive urban labor force. The AID labor union project was originally funded in 1967, and in 1969, its pressure led to the legalization of labor unions after an eleven-year ban. AID had decided that control of a volatile labor force would be easier if there was a union superstructure that workers would respect as an authority. The advance of U.S.-developed unionism to American investors was spelled out quite clearly by a U.S. Department of Commerce publication: "While the labor situation in Thailand has tended to be stable, there have been wildcat strikes from time to time, usually as a result of poor communications between workers and management. Businessmen have reported that the lack of a legitimate employee organization has proven to be an obstacle in the settlement or prevention of such disputes."

AID HAS STUDIED THE inner workings of the Thai bureaucracy, and helped the Thai elite to develop its economic plans based on recommendations of a World Bank mission sent to Thailand in 1957. The World Bank mission published a survey suggesting that the Thai government liquidate most state-run enterprises and devote itself to creating the proper conditions for private enterprise by "special tax and other inducements," and by "institutional credit arrangements and provisions of such physical facilities [infrastructure] as sites, buildings, power and water services, roads, housing, etc." The World Bank has put its money where its mouth is, financing over $350 million in development of irrigation, railroads, port facilities, highways, electric power, and education since 1950. These projects have laid the groundwork for American investment by developing physical facilities and markets for U.S. goods and by training a cheap labor force to work for U.S. corporations in Thailand. And in 1964, the World Bank (along with Bank of America) set up the International Finance Corporation of Thailand, an off-shoot to the World Bank's own IFC, as a means of financing private foreign investment.

AID AND THE WORLD BANK have set about remaking Thailand's internal life to the specifications of U.S. corporations, and have succeeded. Since 1960, U.S. private investment in Thailand has grown from $25 million to over $200 million. By 1965, there were nearly 100 U.S. corporations in Thailand, from Walt Disney Productions and Coca-Cola to Esso-Standard Oil, Firestone, IT&T, and Chase Manhattan Bank. American corporations have invested mainly in extraction of raw materials—mostly tin—and in light manufacturing and tourism.

In a 1966 Thai-American treaty, the Thai military regime officially granted the U.S. the "open door" it already had possessed for two decades; it also accorded America a "most favored nation" status for access to strategic Thai resources which U.S. corporations assumed was theirs as a matter of course. It has been AID's job to set up this cozy relationship and also to make sure that it continues well into the future.

[III]

AS AID AND AMERICAN BUSINESS established a seemingly permanent beachhead in Thailand, the Thai bureaucracy has been forced to expand to outlying provinces in an attempt to forcibly integrate previously isolated minorities into the U.S.-dominated political economy. The result has been peasant revolutionary movements in at least three parts of the country. And if these insurgencies do not presently represent a major threat to the U.S. client regime in Bangkok, it is primarily because they haven't yet developed in the central areas of Thailand or among the urban workers.

The Meo tribesmen were the first Thai minority to begin armed rebellion. It began in 1967, in the northern mountains where the Meos had always lived a seminomadic existence, with opium as their only cash crop. The Thai central government decided to force the Meos out of the mountains and into "resettlement villages" where they could be more easily controlled and taught to grow a variety of marketable crops. The Meos resisted, preferring their old way of life, and the Thai government responded by dropping U.S.-supplied napalm on several villages, forcing those who weren't killed or maimed to accept the lot of relocated refugees.

Conditions in the Meo resettlement villages are harsh, strongly reminiscent of the American Indian reservations of the 19th century. The people lack sufficient rice and water, and corrupt local agents pocket the funds appropriated for the Meo in Bangkok. The results of this resettlement program are grimly described by Arnold Abrams, reporter for the *Far Eastern Economic Review:* "Physical hardship and psychological strain," he writes, "have taken a heavy toll on these people. They are gaunt and sickly; many are in a permanent state of semi-withdrawal stimulated by the shortage of opium to feed lifelong habits. Yet the decay of the Meos' spirit is even more distressing than the deterioration of their bodies. It is hard to associate the pitiful inhabitants of Ban Song San (a resettlement village) with the defiant rebels remaining in the mountains. They

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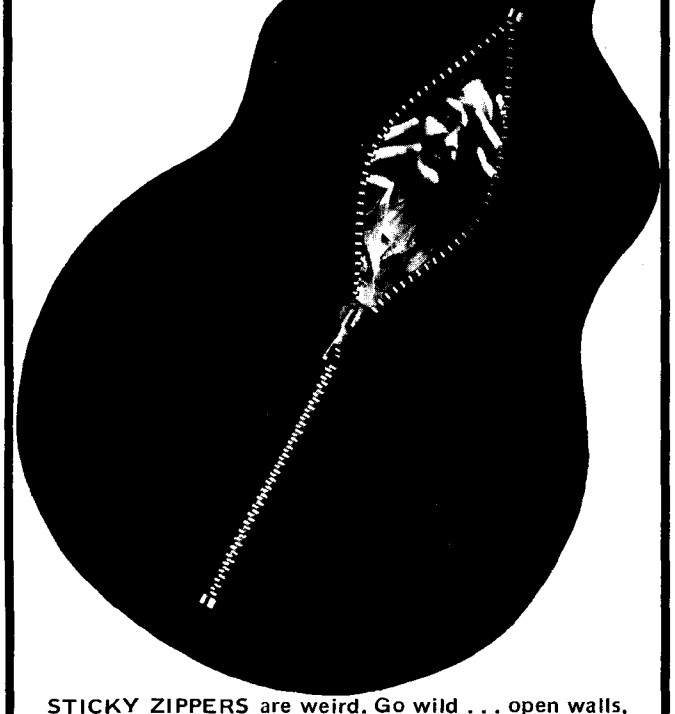

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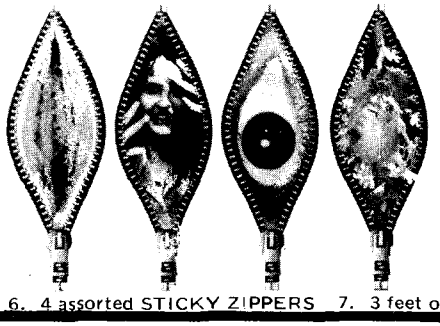

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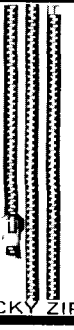

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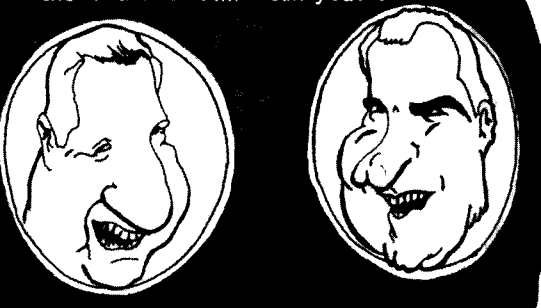

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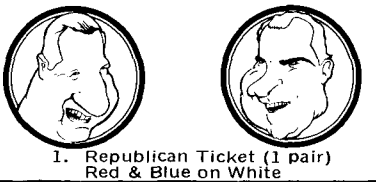

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2.
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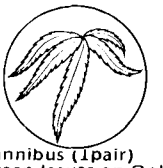
3.
Ecology Sign (1 pair)
Red on Black



4.
Cannibus (1pair)
Green leaves on Gold

5.
Love (1 pair)
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have lost all semblance of inner strength and independence; they seem to have withered while assuming the manner of the humbled."

While Meos were being pacified, Malay-Chinese peasants in the south were beginning to establish liberated areas near the Thai-Malaysia border. Eighty per cent of the population of the four southern-most provinces are Malay Muslims who have been at best "benignly neglected" by the Thai government and at worst, attacked in the same way as the Meos. The Thai government has suppressed Malay-language parochial schools, and has generally neglected the development of public facilities. The government officials are almost all ethnic Thais, of course, and have the same racist attitude toward the Malays as they do toward the Meos whom they call "savages."

The Malay guerrilla movement has grown from the remnants of the Malayan Races Liberation Army (which fought the Japanese during World War II and the British in Malaya from 1948–1961, and today their national Liberation Army numbers about a thousand men. These guerrillas have met combined Thai-U.S. force. Whenever there is an outbreak of Malay-Chinese resistance, the Thai government immediately sends in its CIA-trained Border Patrol Police. Meanwhile, the U.S. Information Service sends teams into sensitive villages, showing films and distributing handbills, and also helping bolster the prestige of local administrators by bringing in MDU's (Mobil Development Units) to try to buy off discontent with new roads and community projects.

BEHIND ALL OF THESE EFFORTS stands the work of academics from centers like the Stanford Research Institute (SRI), which has worked on contract from the Pentagon's Advanced Research Projects Agency (ARPA). The reports SRI has prepared have ranged from the pinpointing of guerrilla camps and descriptions of "patterns of Communist Terrorist crop cultivation" to varieties of physical persuasion that might be used to make an insurgent tell the truth and "scenarios for possible conflict in Southern Thailand." With assistance from the Cornell Aeronautics Lab and the University of Michigan's Willow Run Laboratories, SRI has worked hard to perfect infrared photographic surveillance and other aerial reconnaissance techniques which have been used to trace insurgent movements and to survey the base camps of the NLA.

The insurgency in the northeast is even more significant than the efforts of the Meos and the Malay-China National Liberation Army. The northeast includes about one-third of the population and territory of Thailand, and consists mainly of Lao-Thai, ethnically related to the Thai, but still considered second-class citizens. Lao-Thai guerrillas began in 1965, closely following the formation of the Thai Independence Movement (TIM). The TIM manifesto called on all patriotic Thai peoples to help drive out the U.S. and to overthrow the Thai government, replacing it with one composed of representatives of patriotic, democratic parties.

Thus far TIM and its political arm, the Thai Patriotic Front, have not had great success in organizing peasants. (This is partially due to the atomization of the Thai village structure as contrasted to the cohesion of the Vietnamese villages which make them easily organized for guerrilla struggle.) But then neither have the Thai central government and AID. Seventy-five per cent of AID's funds have gone into the counter-insurgency effort in the northeast. In fact, although it has continued to fund what it refers to as "development projects," AID actually no longer bothers to distinguish between development and counter-insurgency. As its 1967 program for Thailand says, "The U.S. AID program in Thailand is concentrated upon a single objective: supporting the Royal Thai Government in its efforts to contain, control, and eliminate the Communist insurgency in rural areas."

Indeed, AID manages to relate every U.S. study and project in Thailand to the "problem of security." For example, studies are proposed to probe the following questions: "Is the prevailing pattern of village organization in the Northeast adequate to cope with insurgency?" "What is the structure and function of the so-called wat (temple) committee in village life? Does this institution possess any relevance for promoting village security?" "What is the role of women in village life? Is it possible that . . . they can make a significant contribution to the promotion of village security?"

KATHLEEN GOUGH ABERLE ONCE called anthropology the "child of imperialism." Nowhere is this more evident than in the AID studies on Thailand which also provide a vivid description of the way that the American university has joined the Southeast Asia war effort.

Many of these studies have been or will be performed by the AID-financed Academic Advisory Committee for Thailand (AACT), headed by UCLA professor David Wilson. Professor Wilson recently co-founded a faculty group opposed to "those faculty members and students who seek to impose their ideologies on the academic community by coercive or uncivilized means." Wilson's touching concern for "academic neutrality," however, did not deter him from contributing one of the first counter-insurgency studies on northeastern Thailand. Written and researched for Rand in 1962 (although not published until 1964), the study—"Certain Effects of Culture and Social Organization on Internal Security in Thailand"—was done before armed insurgency developed in the northeast and elsewhere; but Wilson and Berkeley anthropologist Herbert Phillips nonetheless addressed themselves directly to the problem of "communist subversion." The basic problem of rural security, Wilson and Phillips say, is the "inadequacy" of the communication between the government and the villagers. Delicately skirting the reasons for the "communication problem," they discuss at length the "link" between the village and the government, finding that the village headman is usually ineffective: "When he meets the demands of the district office, he loses leadership and prestige in the eyes of the villagers; when he meets the expectations of his villagers, he loses his value to the district officer." But integration of the villagers is made even more difficult by competition with the communists, who "are penetrating villages with agents and workers, who gather information and build organizations that mobilize the energies of the idle and disaffected," report the professors. Wilson and Phillips propose that the government "neutralize these efforts by using comparable techniques." To do this, they recommend that the government recruit veterans, unemployed villagers and youth for a village defense corps which would also

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participate in public works programs. The village defense corps, however, should not receive military training, as such, because "a heavily militarized village defense corps, created to meet a communist threat that may never materialize, might very well constitute a hazard to the social order." The villagers might turn their guns on the government.

Though subsequent U.S. AID reports selflessly give the Thai government credit for the idea, the Village Security Force now being developed conspicuously resembles the 1962–64 plans drawn up by these two University of California scholars. The "hazards" suggested by Wilson and Phillips, however, have also developed: many of the security force units have proved to be "unreliable" and a threat to Thai government control.

THE PHILLIPS-WILSON REPORT is only one of hundreds that have been done by American scholars for AID in Thailand. Organizations like AACT have been created by AID to tap the widest possible personnel resources from American universities. Besides AID's private statements that the objective of these studies is counter-insurgency, the contract between AID and the University of California specifies that participating professors must supply AID with all research, done in the university and elsewhere, "which may relate to development and counter-insurgency activities in Thailand."

AACT is supposed to coordinate its activities with the older regional organization, the Southeast Asia Development Advisory Groups (SEADAG), which is also AID-funded and administered by the Asia Society in New York. The membership of SEADAG includes AID personnel, businessmen with interests abroad, professors from 34 major American universities, and 15 private foundations including Ford, Rockefeller, Asia Foundation and the Smithsonian Institute. SEADAG and AACT, together with these foundations, control (among other things) the scholarship funds that support budding Thai scholars and convince them to engage in studies at Thailand universities that will be useful to AID's program.

Private research groups have also gotten in on the action—and the Pentagon money—for counter-insurgency projects. The Research Analysis Corporation (RAC), one of the largest military think-tanks, has worked on problems the Thai Border Patrol Police face in the North, the ability of the Thai road network to provide logistic support for counter-insurgency operations, insurgent recruitment, and counter-insurgency organization in Thailand. The American Institutes for Research (AIR) have had a major project in Thailand dealing with "troop-community relations." Titled "The Impact of Economic, Social, and Political Action Programs in Thailand," and funded by ARPA at over a million dollars, the AIR proposal assured the Pentagon that it would "help the Defense Department and the Thai government evaluate counter-insurgency programs, show both organizations how to do this for future programs, and indicate to the U.S. government how to apply similar counter-insurgency programs and evaluate them in other countries, including the United States."

AID has attempted to train Thais not only eventually to replace the development functions of colonial administrators, but also to take over the counter-insurgency programmed by American professors. Since 1950, AID has financed an education in the U.S. or elsewhere for an elite of more than 5000 Thais. With the Thai government, it has set up "study centers" inside Thailand with ominous titles like the Hill Tribes Research Center in Chaing Mai.

[IV]

ALTHOUGH THE INSURGENCIES THAT the SEADAG and AACT professors are hired to study are not presently threatening the American client regime in Thailand, the problems created in the future by capitalist development may not be so easily "contained." In the central plains area, where a third of the population and most of the Thai peasants live, the continually increasing capitalization of agriculture by the Bangkok rich has resulted in a rapid increase in absentee landlordism and concentration of land holdings. At present, nearly 70 per cent of the land is in absentee ownership, in contrast with 20 per cent a decade ago. Forced from their land, the peasants are becoming either rural or urban proletarians—threatening to become a vast "industrial reserve army" of the unemployed. Some central plains peasants have already organized armed resistance to the Thai government. And this response can be expected to continue, for while the AID professors are aware of the problems of unemployment and peasant discontent in rural areas, as well as the growing slums, exploitative wage labor (ten cents a day) and unemployment in urban areas, they are unable to solve them: adequate solutions would threaten the military regime and Thai elite who are allowing the U.S. to turn Thailand into an economic colony and military base.

There are at least eight major American air bases sprawling over the Thai countryside. The American military accounts for the employment of at least 50,000 Thais in every walk of life—from laborers to translators, from clerks to prostitutes—and accounts for a major share of the Thai national income. Towns around the many U.S. bases have degenerated into little more than entertainment and service satellites for the U.S. soldier. This is also evident in Bangkok, where 70,000 GIs come each year on R&R (rest and recreation) leaves from Vietnam.

There are flashes of a vast nationalist revulsion at this occupation and at the enforced importation of American styles and values. The resentment is largely silent, but it is growing—even among the elite who owe their prosperity and dominance to the American presence. Recently, Kukrit Pramoj, a newspaper owner who is a conservative monarchist, angrily attacked the U.S. in print. He accused them of exploiting the Thais economically, of creating vast numbers of prostitutes and introducing Thai boys to homosexuality. He ended his article by warning Americans that Thais might someday smash down their embassy and burn the United States Information Service. "You American beasts," he wrote in a tone that may soon be the majority voice in Thailand, "return to your holes."

Banning Garrett is affiliated with the Pacific Studies Center as a specialist in Southeast Asia. *He wishes to thank David Ransom and Harry Cleaver of PSC for use of their work on counter-insurgency research in Thailand.*

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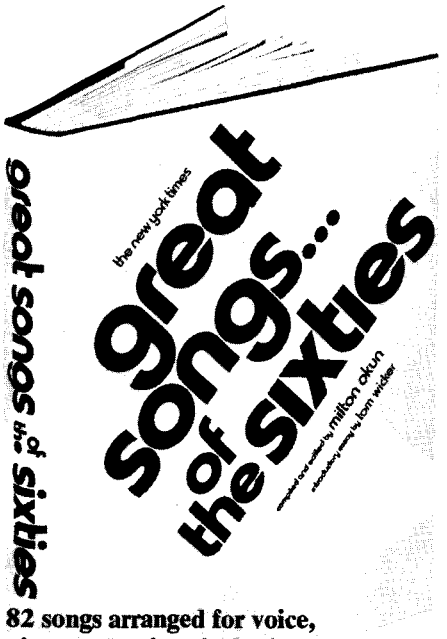

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They Shoot Hippies, Don't They?

Introduction by Tom Hayden

The following article describes a police department in the vanguard of the status quo, but no different in substance than those appearing everywhere in youth communities. It is a young, pipe-smoking, highly-trained and educated police force, fostered over the years by the social engineers of the University of California's Criminology Department. Supposedly it represents an "enlightened alternative" to the more violent and traditional police types. With their "peace corps" image, the Berkeley police represent the cherished fantasy that police-community relations can be improved through a higher level of professionalism.

It was a similar dream which inspired the creation of the Special Forces a decade ago. Now that the Green Beret symbolizes bloody intervention, we may forget their original purpose: "to win the hearts and minds of the people" through civic action and incorruptible law enforcement. In the Berkeley police force we see the same dynamics which plunged the Special Forces into their barbaric role. Berkeley has become a mini-Vietnam in which the manipulative skills of University of California administrators Clark Kerr, Charles Hitch and Roger Heyns have failed to keep control of the "youth problem." In the wake of their failures, the police have become increasingly dominant. Only five years ago, a massive Free Speech Movement erupted when a single police car came on campus; today the campus police have their Pentagon located in Sproul Hall itself (the site of the FSM sit-in) and, during "states of emergency," Sheriff Madigan and Chief Beall are more important than the University's chancellor.

Their education and training has only made Berkeley policemen more sophisticated oppressors. They are not into spontaneous police brutality; their specialty is full-scale counter-insurgency. Brutality is only a tactic within a larger strategy to remove cultural and political radicalism from Berkeley.

As this article points out, the Berkeley police concentrate their paranoid energy on the Telegraph Avenue youth colony. In their eyes, the total identity of the youth culture is criminal. Since 1966, they have fabricated a "crime wave" (drugs, communal living, etc.) as the permanent pretext for becoming an occupying army patroling the crucial South Campus area.

Police tactics have escalated and diversified so much that Berkeley now can be considered a laboratory for counter-insurgency against young whites. The brutal forays by police into the Free Church, Free Clinic, and Runaway Center—all liberal institutions protecting and serving the young people—represent new developments in police attempts to exterminate Berkeley's youth culture. More ominous, however, has been the direct crackdown on "runaways" themselves: this summer, over 2000 young people have been apprehended while hitchhiking, charged with being in danger of "a lewd and immoral life" and being "out of parental control," and shipped out of town.

In addition to this relatively novel focus on sweeping out the youth colony, the police in Berkeley have a typical attitude towards relationships with the black community: heavy harassment of "suspicious" persons, including the killing of two unarmed burglary suspects since 1967. With more than a third of Berkeley's population black, the police are truly an occupying army for the majority of the people who live in that community. Moreover, until the Panthers moved their national headquarters to neighboring Oakland, it appeared that the Berkeley police would have their chance to become full-blown Green Berets by implementing their assault plan on the Panthers' top office.

For large numbers of people, then, the police have become the Number One problem. Perhaps because of this truly mass consciousness, Berkeley has become the one city in America where people are using the electoral process to take control over the police force. Stemming from the United Front Against Fascism conference in Oakland in 1969, a Berkeley committee has collected enough voters' signatures to put community control of the police on the ballot. The referendum, if approved, would divide the city into three sections: the black, the student/freak, and the white middle/upper class. These communities together would take control of the city's police. The actual policemen would be required to live in the district they serve, and would be subject to dismissal by their local commission.

The chief result of such a reform would be to lessen friction between the police and the community by destroying the present occupier status of the police. The immediate community would have increased voice over the priorities of law enforcement: Should the police, for instance, be making hundreds of pot busts—as they do now—or should they concentrate instead on breaking up the distribution of hard-drugs? Should the police be invading crash pads or should they be taking monopoly landlords to court? Should the police be attacking demonstrators or warning merchants that their criminal practices will make it impossible for their property to be protected? Should they be covering their tracks by "internal" investigations of police misbehavior, or should they be investigating the shooting and beating of demonstrators by county and state police?

The Establishment, ranging from the Berkeley police to the San Francisco Chronicle, has reacted with horror to the idea that radicals might succeed within the system. They claim the reform would plunge Berkeley back "into the Dark Ages" by enforcing segregation, fostering ward politics instead of "clean" city manager politics, and "politicizing" the police. In fact, however, the reform deals with reality and threatens the pleasant myths of liberal Berkeley life. The city is segregated, and not the ideal model of integration it claims to be. City-manager government is a form of bureaucratic elitism far worse than a system based on direct election. The police are already politicized.

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The new system would make possible a margin of liberated territory. It would also spread the contagious idea of "community control" to new areas: direct community control of stores and banks is only one example. It would be a case of working through the system to break away certain areas from the present condition of complete and direct domination.

Like all positive reforms, however, community control of police has built-in limits. First among these is the fact that a local police force will never be allowed to cut away the standing of rich corporations, universities and other major international institutions with local branches. If Berkeley passed the referendum, it would not change the fact that the university (state) police have authority over the campus and a one-mile radius around it. When crises occur, moreover, police from surrounding communities can be sent into Berkeley under a "mutual aid agreement." All a community-elected police force could do in such situations would be to stand in conflict with larger forces.

The idea of using the bourgeois parliamentary process to institute direct democracy is also contradictory. The very people most in need of police reform—the blacks, the street people, the youth—cannot vote because of age, or criminal status, or lack of other qualifications. These people must be organized, as is just beginning, through a Youth Coalition which can serve the many real needs of the youth community without being diverted into the useless electoral channel.

In the meantime, the referendum is being put before Berkeley's voting electorate, a more conservative body than the youth but still more liberal than perhaps any other community in America. Their natural instinct is to prefer a conventional police force, although with a "review board" or "ombudsman" grievance mechanism. However, such review mechanisms are meaningless because they leave the power of review in the hands of the same city government which maintains the police. Through the referendum, the voting community will have the radical alternative of bypassing the city government to establish popular machinery for direct control of an institution. A Berkeley majority voted for radicals like Bob Scheer in 1966 and Ron Dellums in 1970; whether their politics goes beyond support of radical personalities to the very structure of power is an interesting question posed by the referendum.

Thus, the referendum becomes an interim step in radical community organization in areas where mass white and black coalitions are possible. It is an educational tool which supplies a visionary answer to the community's needs. People are being organized around the most dangerous and explosive of their problems—the police—and the measure's being on the ballot guarantees that the police will be the most controversial issue in the community for the next year. It is control of the police that every Riot Commission has noted as fundamental, and which no community coalition so far has been willing and able to confront. Passage of the referendum will make peaceful change more possible; a close vote will help in keeping the police caught in contradictions. And if the measure should pass, but be struck down by Governor Reagan and the courts, it will drive home once again the necessity for revolutionary organization.

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by Frank Browning

ONE OF THIS YEAR'S TOP awards for magazine advertising went to a stark and unusual recruiting come-on for the Berkeley Police Department. It showed a huge badge and above it, in clean, block letters, the slogan: "Join the Domestic Peace Corps."

The catchy display was the work of San Francisco's D'Arcy Advertising Company, and was presented to a mass audience in the pages of Time magazine. It captured to perfection the inspiring legend of the sophisticated, liberal model city, whose cops are dedicated to humane, progressive, professional law enforcement tactics.

The image has been carefully nurtured. The officers are young and clean-cut, seeming gracious by comparison to the thick-necked Oakland police next door (a good many of whom are rednecks, recruited from the Deep South). The Berkeley Department has style: of its 272 men, two-thirds are under 40; each must have a minimum two years of college (the Department maintained a close work-relationship with the University of California's Criminology Department); and all officers are expected to undergo 50 hours of outside training a year. Unlike any other police unit in the Bay Area, Berkeley has a man assigned full time to press relations. Its Community Relations Division coordinates 23 separate projects to develop special rapport with the community.

Berkeley has insisted on standards that enable people like City Manager William Hanley to declare, "The Berkeley Police Department, in relation with the community, has practiced, and has the reputation for practicing, the most equitable and humane brand of law enforcement in California—and law enforcement in California is so far ahead of the rest of the country, I don't think there's any question about its being the best."

[I]

THE BERKELEY FORCE WAS BUILT almost single handedly by August Vollmer, who also founded the University of California's Criminology Department. In fact, for nearly 30 years, the Criminology Department drew heavily from the Berkeley police for many of its faculty members, while much of the police training program stemmed from the ideas of University criminologists. If this close relationship has diminished over the past couple of years, it is because academic criminologists suddenly find themselves spending most of their time studying the way police departments get out of control. It has led the faculty to a new view of the Department they helped build. As Tony Platt, a professor of criminology, puts it, Berkeley had "the best conceived Police Department in the country, put together [by the U.C. faculty] out of the best criminal science they knew—and it didn't work."

The lower ranks in the Police Department have always had little use for the "Domestic Peace Corps" epithet—it suggested a threat to their masculinity and tended to undermine their own self-images as the last tough defense against perversion and rebellion. At first the city fathers did not share

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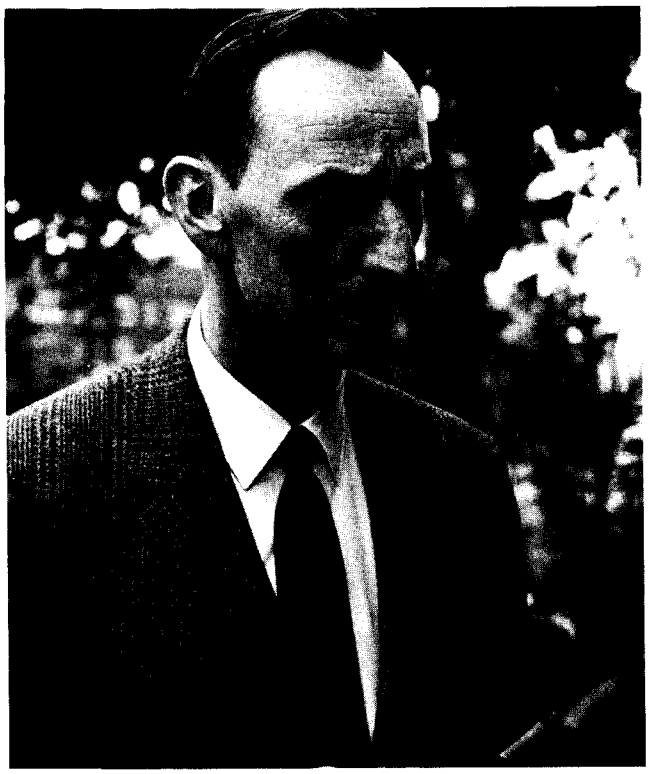
Dramatis Personae



Chief Baker

Chief Beall

Mayor Johnson

Rev. Ray Jennings

this hard-line attitude. They took enormous pride in the fact that Berkeley was one of the nation's first cities to initiate "modern city-manager style" government. They felt that progressive professionalism in public administration would enable Berkeley to avoid the fundamental cleavages showing up throughout the rest of American society.

The only trouble was that mid-way through the Sixties, something happened to the college town they were supposed to control: young Berkeleyans decided that their city would be the first place where revolutionary people would build a

Photographs by Stephen Shames/Photon West

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liberated society for themselves. The city fathers saw themselves confronted by a direct challenge to a long liberal tradition which dictated the city's economic structure and system of values. The logical question, of course, became, "How can we pacify the insurgents?" Necessarily, they turned more and more to the Police Department for answers.

CITY MANAGER HANLEY HAS NO misunderstanding of who the "enemy" is. Noting that Berkeley has "thousands of people living in communes and affinity groups, bound up in drugs—the dropped-out, freaked-out scene," he acknowledges that, "people involved in that kind of life are essentially asserting that the writ of society doesn't run to their turf. They're setting up their own rules and carving out liberated zones where the writ of society generally doesn't run." To a lesser degree, a second threat has emanated from the black community, located well away from the University, but activated by the Black Panther Party when it established a national headquarters within a mile-and-a-half of the campus.

Still, the real challenge, represented by the drug scene and white radicals, was concentrated along Telegraph Avenue and the surrounding South Campus community. By 1967, it was clear that the University's Master Plan of "sterilizing" the South Campus area by buying up land, and on it building research centers and high-rise dorms, could not solve the "problem" of the youth culture. The Urban Renewal route, whereby the South Campus would be classified a "blighted area" in need of wholesale refurbishing, had already been defeated by local businessmen, and this left but one alternative: force as many people as possible into conformity and make life intolerable for the rest of them. The police would be the logical agents for the transmogrification of Berkeley. Chief William Beall and his men were left to accomplish what the forces of sweetness and light in City Hall could not. And the history of the next four years would show that not only was nobody controlling the Berkeley police, but the force itself was coming closer than any other municipal agency to running Berkeley. Most importantly, it was the police, under the direction of Chief Beall and his successor Bruce Baker, who set the escalating levels of confrontation whereby more and more people came to be wounded, maimed or killed.

[II]

THE FIRST FULL-FLEDGED POLICE assault on Berkeley's South Campus bohemia came in January, 1966, when Chief Beall initiated a program of Intensive Police Patrol (IPP) along Telegraph Avenue. In addition to officers on the regular beat system, the area was to be saturated by pairs of patrolmen during afternoon and evening shifts. IPP coincided directly with both Robert Scheer's anti-war campaign for the U.S. Congress, and the proliferation of the drug culture on Telegraph Avenue. Both the street people and the campaign workers were constantly stopped, searched, questioned and otherwise harassed. Few major arrests resulted, for that was not the purpose of the patrol; instead, jaywalking, loitering, and violation of amplifier ordinances were constant sources of citation. Beall explained the patrols: "The theory behind [them] is that if you make your policemen as visible as possible, and if they are strict in the enforcement of the law, then you are going to cut down crime in the area because that one-out-of-a-hundred who is a criminal, is sooner or later going to encounter the policeman in some kind of a situation, and when he does this, he is going to leave. This is what you hope to achieve by saturating an area and chasing out the hoodlum element."

To support the Department's intensive patrol program, 41 new positions were added to the force by the Berkeley city government. The total Berkeley police budget was doubled between 1967 and 1970, rising from $1.8 million to $3.2 million. Over the same period, however, there was a 65 per cent increase in major criminal offenses (including all varieties of burglary, robbery and theft, rape, murder and manslaughter) and a five per cent decrease in arrests for these offenses. There were twice as many police and a lot more crime. What were the officers doing? They were following their own instincts as to the sort of crime Berkeley had to be protected from by increasing drug busts in the period by 231 per cent. But even that great leap forward was not enough, and by 1969, Chief Beall complained to the sympathetic *Berkeley Gazette* that, "Neither mass arrests nor harassment techniques could make a dent in the (drug) problem" plaguing South Campus.

BEALL AND HIS LIEUTENANTS had known, of course, that IPP was only a temporary measure, but one which would provide the personnel to handle the inevitable backlash that the continual police harrassment was breeding in the South Campus community. In fact, the Department was following what became a regular pattern of tactical and technological stockpiling, where preparations for each new offensive began well before the previous one had run its course.

So it was that the first full-scale police riot in a white college community erupted at the end of June, 1968. For a solid week, a gauze of teargas hung over the city. It was a prelude in quarter time to the melee of Chicago that was to follow a month-and-a-half later, and the first point at which police were to be universally labeled among the youth culture as "pigs." One of the people who recalls the scene best is Ray Jennings, minister of Berkeley's First Baptist Church. It was about 7:30 P.M., June 28, when he and his four kids—Jennings and his family had just arrived in Berkeley to begin his ministry—walked up to Telegraph Avenue for cokes.

"We walked up the block and there was a rally going on. [It had been organized by the Young Socialist Alliance in support of students suffering repression in France.] I said to the youngsters—of course they had never seen anything like this—'Here: see democracy at the grass-roots level.' We stood there on the corner, and pretty soon Mayor [Wallace] Johnson walked by. I introduced him to my family and he even commented about the fact that it was kind of quiet and the crowd was diminishing. At this point I had no idea that they [the YSA] had asked for and been denied a permit to close the street for a rally. Chief Beall walked up. He greeted me and went on. We then went up to the restaurant and stepped out a few minutes later to find the streets had been filled by police.

"From Telegraph almost all the way up to College [two full blocks] almost all you could see were policemen in uni-

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form and helmets. A couple other ministers spotted me and told me it looked like we were going to have trouble, that we might have to form a clergy phalanx between the police and the people.

"I suggested that we talk to the officers, so we spoke to one of the captains and told him, "This thing is dissipating and if you hold off, it'll be OK.' 'Is that all you have to say?' he asked. 'Then the conversation's over.' Dick York [minister of the Berkeley Free Church], several other ministers and I joined hands. It was just then that this captain swung his club down and hit the mailbox next to me. I can still hear it hit the metal and I know it would have killed me if it had hit my head."

A few minutes later the police attacked the dispersing crowd with teargas and clubs, setting the stage for what has become a familiar Berkeley drama.

[III]

THE CONTRADICTION BETWEEN A GREATLY increased (and dangerous) police presence and an increase in real crimes and victims plagues Berkeley's black community. Policemen have not made the same kind of all-out assaults they have on the Telegraph Avenue street culture, but they do come into the black community on what can best be described as guerrilla operations. Take the case of Harriet and Fred Smith (they are not related) in July, 1968. They had been with friends who were posting notices on Sacramento Street, announcing an upcoming ceremony for students graduating from Merritt College's Afro-American studies program. Harriet lent her friends some tape, then, with Fred, walked around the block to her mother's home, where a stack of the notices lay. (Though she had not posted any signs on utility poles herself, she had placed four in local shop windows.) Within minutes, police arrived at the house to question her about the notices. She told the police to wait on the front porch while she went to answer the telephone. But instead, more police arrived, searched through her purse for identification and pushed their way into the house. Immediately Harriet's mother, who was 65, told the officers, "Give me my daughter's purse." One of the policemen grabbed her mother, twisted her arm behind her back, and bent her thumb backwards to her wrist. "Leave my mother alone," Harriet yelled at them. Then she dialed the telephone operator, gave her address, and said, "The police are killing my mother." Before she could finish her call, one of the officers grabbed the receiver and broke it over her head. Then the police "Maced" the three of them plus four children who were visiting. Later, one of the patrolmen claimed to have signaled Harriet to stop putting up "illegal" posters, but since the street was divided, he was unable to bring his car over to her. When she "ignored" him, he decided to call for extra support.

A full-scale public hearing before the City Council followed in the Civic Auditorium, and even City Manager Hanley admitted the patrolman had engaged in "improper behavior." The official response was a verbal reprimand for unprofessional conduct.

By the spring of 1969, during the battle for People's Park, it was clear that the police state emerging in the East Bay had raised the ante once more: one student was shot and killed, another blinded and countless others terrorized by indiscriminate beatings, arrests and teargassings by overhead helicopters. But this terrorism seemed only to mobilize more students than ever, and had the added ill-effect of relinquishing command of the police forces to the notorious Alameda County Sheriff's Department, headed by Sheriff Frank Madigan. The Berkeley force was not happy to see things get out of their hands, even though the occasion resulted in greater violence against demonstrators. "They get upset when the Alameda County Sheriffs come in swinging clubs," U.C. professor Tony Platt points out, "not because they don't want kids beaten, but because it's crude, not craftsmanlike." The tactics of 1969 were clearly a flaw, for the end effect of the People's Park controversy was exactly the reverse of the police's stated aim to clear out the South Campus. Instead (and anticipating the ecology groundswell) there was almost instant national sympathy, led by Newsweek Magazine, *for the kids out in Berkeley who were just trying to* build a park.

But this failure did not lead the police to retreat or set aside time to re-think strategy or objectives. Rather, they responded by escalating the level of force and violence. After 1969, the force had the highest target number of officers ever; they had two years' experience in using teargas and began the heaviest crackdown yet on the people and the institutions of the South Campus community.

EARLY ON SATURDAY EVENING of July 4, 1970, the police decided to make good on one of their oldest threats and beat up Reverend Dick York, minister of the Berkeley Free Church. York had been at a block party about a mile away from the Telegraph Avenue strip most of the afternoon. Told that a confrontation was about to erupt on the Avenue as a result of "Independence" celebrations, he decided to go over and act as an observer. By the time he arrived, it looked like he could have little impact on the situation, so he and his wife, Melinda, decided to walk back to their car. They were several blocks from the nearest "action" when two unidentified, riot-geared patrolmen pulled up and jumped out of an unmarked car. One of them said, "Run, Reverend, Run!" York and his wife ran in different directions, and both police chased him. They caught him, got him to the ground and beat him on the head and elbow with their clubs.

His head bleeding badly from three separate wounds, York managed to get help from his friend, Berkeley realtor Arlene Slaughter, who called black City Councilman Warren Widener. Widener urged them to make a formal complaint, to "give the system a chance." York was too badly hurt to go, but Widener, accompanied by Melinda York and Arlene Slaughter, went to the police station to make the complaint. When they explained the nature of the complaint to the officer in charge, he became belligerent, left and in a few minutes returned to tell them that no complaints could be accepted until the following Monday—a direct violation of stated Department policy. When they protested, the officer demanded identification from them, obviously not recognizing Widener. When they refused to produce driver's licenses, they were threatened with arrest and kicked out of the police station. Widener immediately called City Manager Hanley,

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who under the city-manager system is the only man with the authority to fire city employees. Hanley, who had been sleeping soundly, came down to the police station at Councilman Widener's insistence and the police took the complaint.

Two months after the incident, the police still refused to disclose the disposition of their investigation to York or Widener on the grounds that a potential civil suit by York entitled them to keep their findings secret. Widener also filed a complaint against officer Mark Howard for his conduct in first refusing the complaint, and Howard received a verbal reprimand for unprofessional conduct.

The City Manager simply found the whole case annoying and, though he would deny it publicly, told one news reporter he thought Dick York had it coming to him because he is not just the head of an avant-garde, unorthodox church which celebrates life in a general way; his church, with its switchboard, free food, and crash pad programs is on a "mission to youth" for the entire South Campus community.

"Every time we've tried to cooperate with the police, they have double-crossed us," says Otto Smith, a U.C. professor of Electrical Engineering and Free Church board chairman. "They said, 'Tell us where your medical clinics are during riots and we'll let them alone.' The next time there was a confrontation, they broke the windows and gassed us."

It was one of these double-crosses that put Free Clinic Medical Director Russ Nichols in the hospital for two weeks, following a relatively small confrontation last May 5th. Just a year before, three teargas canisters had been lobbed inside the clinic. To prevent it from happening again, Chief Baker wrote Nichols urging that the clinic be well marked—a huge red cross was subsequently affixed to the building—and people be posted outside during demonstrations to keep non-patients from using it as a "refuge."

Light trashing had gone on throughout the afternoon of May 5th. Following Baker's suggestion, Nichols and five medics stood outside the door of the Clinic. A squad of police charged them, claiming they constituted an illegal, riotous gathering. Nichols and all five medics were severely beaten. The police quickly left. When someone from outside the building threw a bottle toward them, several police charged again, beating Nichols and the staff a second time; some patrolmen forced their way into the Clinic where they beat everyone, including two patients awaiting treatment on examination tables. When Nichols re-entered the Clinic to ask the police their purpose, he was clubbed on the head, shoulder and leg.

That afternoon Nichols tried to file a grievance complaint at the police station. It was refused. The Rev. Ray Jennings, who saw most of the incident from his Baptist Church, called in a complaint that was accepted. Several weeks later, when the police informed Jennings the investigation was complete, he still had not been interviewed about the incident, nor had at least 14 other eyewitnesses. After three-and-one-half months, Nichols had been told nothing about his case by any of the city's investigating officials. In an interview, City Manager Hanley declared, his voice seething with controlled rage, "I don't believe, the chief doesn't believe, no captain, no police officer believes in just bursting in and beating heads of patients. I know Goddamned well it didn't happen. The wildest allegations were fabricated out of whole cloth."

[IV]

THE BERKELEY POLICE DEPARTMENT, falling back on its liberal credentials whenever a controversy is raised by its behavior, always recites a litany of "firsts" it has achieved, beginning with the fact that it was the first city police force in the nation to require psychiatric screenings of prospective candidates. But there is another roll-call of firsts it never calls out:

—First to apply massive use of the potent CS gas (the U.S. Army even avoids its use against the Vietcong) on its citizens for crowd control;

—First to install automatic pepper gas dispensers on patrol cars—thus allowing officers to dispense great amounts of gas while they stay inside with the windows rolled up and pick out suitable targets for attack;

—First to use non-lethal wooden bullets (the worst they'll do is shatter bones) suggested by a visiting Hong Kong police chief;

—First to stock bean-bag ammunition, to be fired on unruly demonstrators so they may be knocked to the ground but not killed on contact.

In its own special way the Berkeley Police Department has become a laboratory for modern police tactics and technology. Community Relations Director Crook, who quaintly enough also investigates complaints, glows with a warm smile as he relates how some of the boys volunteered to be the first "guinea pigs" with the bean-bags before the Department bought them. "We're not about to go out on the streets with something we don't know what it's going to do," he says. As to being hit by a bean-bag, "It smarts; it's more like getting the wind knocked out of you, like a shoulder block."

He makes it sound like rough house fun. It's not just the Berkeley police, moving in inverse relationship to the Movement, that has spurred on its development as a laboratory for repression. Berkeley is also the international headquarters for the George F. Cake Corporation, whose motto is, "Everything for Law Enforcement," and which is the largest distributor of police equipment in the nation. Sporting a 244-page catalog advising its customers to "order from the office-warehouse nearest you," the company has offices in Los Angeles, Baltimore, Honolulu, Dallas, Chicago and Atlanta. The overseas division is called Technipol International Corporation. The catalog includes everything from "come-along" twister handcuffs ("invaluable in subduing violent prisoners") to .22 Magnums and Seminal Fluid Testing kits.

The Berkeley Police Department has an even stronger ally in the University of California. In two years, U.C.'s police force has doubled from a June, 1968, level of 42 men to its present size of 85 men—one of the largest campus forces in the nation. There is a constant patrol of uniformed police through all the main traffic centers of the campus, and patrol cars regularly drive through Sproul Plaza, made famous years ago by the Free Speech Movement.

AS BOTH POLITICAL ACTIVITY and the concomitant police harassment have increased since FSM, the University of California administration has spent more and more of its time wondering how to beef up its police operations, while at the same time curb-

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ing the increase of what former Berkeley Vice Chancellor Earl Cheit labelled "those scummy, long-haired freaks on the Avenue." Underlying their concern has been a long-established preference for "home rule" on the campuses (i.e., excluding outside police as long as possible), a principle for which Governor Ronald Reagan has never had much enthusiasm and which he has consistently negated by declaring a "state of emergency," thus removing power from campus officials.

To try to solve this problem, the Regents hired Addison Fording and John Holstrom, both former Berkeley police chiefs, to study police needs for the entire University and present a report by March, 1969. An early progress report recommended adoption of the minimum standards of the Commission on Police Officer Standards and Training—a recommendation effected September 1, 1969. In effect that meant that campus police officers would become indistinguishable from any other police in the state, and that both their training and job expectations would be the same. In a later report, the Commission recommended establishing a Coordinator of Police Services, responsible directly to the University President, and with jurisdiction over all police on each of the nine campuses.

Who did the University happen to choose to be the new coordinator? "It was just a fortuitous event that [Berkeley's] Chief Beall just happened to be retiring at the same time the position of coordinator was made up at the University," Lt. Crook recalls with a pensive smile. Although Beall denies the charge, researchers on the Berkeley campus claim the campus police hired upwards of 50 undercover agents to grow their hair long or natural and grow beards over the summer. In February, Berkeley Police Chief Baker admitted that one of his men had assumed an alias to allow him to infiltrate the Berkeley Radical Student Union, YSA and SDS. Baker then went on to say that radical groups in Berkeley advocating revolution can expect to undergo attempts at infiltration by undercover police.

Among the campus police arsenal of intelligence weapons are shot-gun microphones, used to pick up distant conversations, and video-tape cameras to record rallies and demonstrations. Because an important part of this process is collection of video-tapes of "radical activities," student radicals feel that it is clearly part of the program initiated in 1969 by the Pentagon to monitor certain cities for counter-insurgency information. Chief Beall denies that dossiers are kept on students, but he admits that "stop cards" issued to students on campus are "made a matter of record." One gains a certain perspective from the fact that California initiated a computerized information retrieval system, linking every police agency in the state, so that a patrolman need only wait about seven seconds for checks from state enforcement agencies. A few more seconds will give him data from the National Crime Information Center in Washington.

[V]

EVEN THOUGH SOME 20,000 Berkeley citizens signed a petition which would amend the city charter and place control of the police force under elected boards in each major neighborhood, City Manager Hanley refuses to see a "crisis in police-community relations." At 48, Hanley works hard to cultivate the image of the trim, cool-headed crisis manager; but at times the facade cracks, as it did not long ago in an interview at his office. His jaws clenched, his entire body constricted by the myth he so desperately wants to believe, he inched off the corner of his tall leather swivel chair, half-pleading, half-demanding, "just go down to the Department and see what kind of men those officers are. I'd rest my whole case on what kind of people they are. That's just how strong my convictions are about them."

As for an ACLU report documenting just half a year's worth of citizen complaints about police misconduct, he dismisses those who compiled it as "well-intentioned people" who have "just walked right through the looking glass." The National Committee to Combat Facism, which has coordinated the petition fight and has now gone to court to force the City Council to place it on the ballot for the November elections, Hanley dismisses as malevolent radicals out to destroy his city. When a secret police attack plan on the Black Panther Party (which first initiated the police control petition) was exposed by the Berkeley underground press nearly a year ago, Hanley confirmed its existence, but passed it off as only of a "preliminary, contingent" nature.

A year ago, the police sealed off their operations from any public scrutiny by denying even the "straight" press access to its report files. When an authorized person asks for a police report, the Department's "press officer" scans it, reading off whatever he thinks "appropriate and of interest." A Berkeley citizens' group protested this manipulation of information before the City Council, but Hanley said the new policy was "strictly an administrative action" requiring no sanction from the Council.

The police initiated their new press policy last year with an attempt at smearing Joe Brooks, the director of Berkeley's Economic Opportunity Office; they "revealed" that he was "implicated" in a grand larceny case and had a "previous record." When pressed by reporters, the police backed down, claiming they had confused him with "another" Joe Brooks.

The "confusions," the beatings, the surveillance, and the elimination of any public scrutiny of police actions have formed the foundation of repressive social control in Berkeley. It is the fate of a city, working in the best American tradition of liberal public administration, that decided to make war on its people, and could only do so by transforming its police into the tools of fascism. More than that, it is a warning to America: Berkeley has become a laboratory not only for the tools and tactics of police control, but also for the kind of sophisticated, "professional" camouflages under which police repression can be disguised.

POLITICIZATION OF BERKELEY'S POLICE has grown stronger each year. In the expansion of their control over all elements of the city's life, they have shown no hesitancy in grasping onto any event or exploiting any situation to further consolidate their own power—including even the death of one of their own members. In mid-August Ronald Tsukamoto, a 28-year-old patrolman born in a Japanese relocation camp, was shot and killed one night while issuing a traffic citation. According to the police, someone had pulled up to the patrolman while he was writing the citation, begun to talk to him and then drawn a gun and

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shot him.

Within hours of the shooting, Chief Bruce Baker labeled it a "political killing," lashing out at Huey Newton and Tom Hayden for having "sown the seeds of hate and violence." Ronald Tsukamoto's death should have signaled the urgency of bringing the police force into line with the community it is supposed to serve. Instead, hauling up the corpse of the dead patrolman as his platform, Baker proceeded to launch his strongest tirade yet against the struggle of citizens to gain democratic, local control over the police—thus setting the stage for a new official escalation of an already repressive domestic war.

Ron Charles, a 29-year-old black man, was a tough cop in the Berkeley Police Department for 23 months and eight days. Now he is active in the struggle to bring the police department under community control.

Shortly after returning to active duty in September, 1969 (following an accident incurred on the force), he was asked to resign because, among other things, he had mentioned the possibility of organizing a black policeman's union. Though he never resigned and has never officially been fired, he has not served on the force since November 8, 1969.

Ron talked with RAMPARTS *about what he experienced and saw during the routine operations of one of the nation's most respected police departments. His experiences demonstrate both the deep-seated racism within the Department and the continual police policy of catering to the needs of the local business establishment. They also give insight into the professional attitudes of the Berkeley police—the attitudes which motivate their daily activities, and which show an utter disregard for the integrity and needs of the people.*

* * *

Why did you decide to go into the Berkeley Police Department?

I had three years of college but I'd been out of school for five years and I worked at the Post Office handling mail like a damn slave. Bills and things were really going down on me and I said to myself they [the police] pay $800 a month, and it can't be that bad. I just needed to have two years of college, take a psychiatric examination and I could be working in one of the best departments in the nation.

I had an interview, but they didn't want to hire me. Then they called me in again, gave me another interview and passed me. But they told me, "Well, you know, we have a thing about everybody sticking together. Would you be willing to shave your mustache off. We'll accept you if you shave your mustache off."

I said to myself, "You got these damned pressures on you and you need this change: it's something really happening." Nobody else was really eager for me to take the job. My family was against it. Everybody was against it, so I did it.

What kind of assignments were you given when you joined the Police Department?

I got on and immediately they put me with Dave Schrimp, who was a red hot go-getter—supposedly one of the best cops they had. Dave [who now is an FBI agent in Oklahoma City] and I went out on the street for two months, and during the month of May, 1968, we made 96 arrests; in June, we made 104 arrests—200 arrests in two months. The Berkeley Police Department has never, and this is a fact, had a two-man team make that many arrests within two months.

For three days a week we'd go to Aquatic Park from about 4:30 to 7:30 in the evening. That's where a lot of [homosexual] fellows go and stand around in the johns and the bushes to meet other fellows. On the west side of the park, near the toilets, is where they meet, and sometimes they sit in their cars. The Police Department has a real thing about being puritans and "protecting little children" and all sorts of weird hangups.

The cops go down there every day. We'd go down and often other two-man teams would be around. But Dave got a real kick out of "working queers." There has never been anybody on the Berkeley Police Department that has arrested as many so-called homosexuals as this man. He was to the point where he would arrest one a day, and sometimes as many as four or five. I watched him personally because he was supposed to be training me. He'd actually bait and entice people just as if he was homosexual in order to make an arrest. We got some resisting charges down there, too. Sometimes you'd catch a guy with an aspirin in his pocket but without a prescription. That's an excuse to arrest him. We'd put an extra charge on him if he'd try to run or get away. Schrimp showed me how to go to the absolute extreme with this bullshit; but this is what he did every day.

Every summer evening after dark, we'd go up to Telegraph Avenue to work narcotics. We were always in plainclothes, often unshaved and unkempt in some sort of way. We'd go up to a guy and ask him, "Hey, you got anything for sale, man?" Or else you'd stand around and watch some guy sell to somebody and then you'd try to grab both of them. I'd grab the seller and Schrimp would get the buyer. Then you'd whomp them, pack them around the corner, and get some assistance to take them to jail. It's a real game, you know—never attacking the real problem of drugs, but just getting out and arresting people.

We did make a few good arrests, though. One night we caught some guys from Pinole and El Cerrito—young kids from 16 to 19 who would go up on the [Telegraph] Avenue and pick up street people hitchhiking. They'd get them in the car, take them wherever they wanted to go, and then proceed to take their knives out and cut their hair off.

We were driving down the street and all of a sudden we noticed a fight in this car and one guy get out and starts running. Then the other guy gets out and starts to beat him down to the ground. So we cruise up, pistols drawn, the whole bit, stopping everybody. They had cut this guy's hair and he had tried to stop them.

These guys had been doing this stuff

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for a couple of months, and it was very seldom that a case would be reported. So I figured well, hell, this is a pretty good save. We found out later that one of the kid's dad is a contractor, supposed to be a red-blooded American boy, and they supposedly weren't doing *too much* wrong. They went to court and got probation and all sorts of things simply because the Police Department Juvenile Bureau made a deal that they weren't doing anything except hurting some no-good hippies. They say, "We can't really hold it against these kids."

How would you describe the role of the police in street confrontations over the last two years?

I think the people should be aware of what goes on in these so-called civil disturbances. A certain element in the city, led by Chief Baker and a few other people, almost forced the University to put that [People's Park] fence up. The University did not decide to do that until it felt a lot of pressure from the powers in Berkeley and the State of California. There was surveillance and constant patrol by the Police Department designed to create a confrontation. The day before that fence went up, I worked from 3:30 until midnight; at 12:00 P.M. everybody was issued riot gear and was held in the station. The whole Department was in the squad room by 3:00 in the morning; we were in full riot gear, getting a pep talk. We were issued teargas, everything. They said not to back off from anything, but to make a big show of power. *Today we are going to crush them.* That was the gist of Captain (Charlie) Plummer's conversation to the troops. It was like, "We're the last stronghold against the Commies. Berkeley's where we're going to have to make the stand, 'cause the Commies have chosen this to be the place."

The people of Berkeley and of California should be aware that these things are happening. They're not in control of the protectors of life and property. For example, in the disturbance in September of 1968, it was very obvious that even many people inside the Police Department were not aware of a lot of police action. Specifically, many of the members of the Police Department did not know that ten of the toughest men of the Berkeley Police Department, together with ten Alameda Deputy Sheriffs, were chosen to go out in plainclothes, with no identification. We met at the Golden Gate Fields parking lot in grubby clothes, with blackjacks, choke chains, sharp knives, with no badges, no police identification —strictly in plainclothes to go out and counter people who were objecting to whatever the police department was doing.

In the process of doing this, we were away from the Police Department for over one week; we had no physical contact at the Department, no entering the parking lot, and no phone calls from the Department. Orders were by telephone, but not through the station phones; they were called in to two men's houses (one of which was Dave Schrimp's house on Grant Avenue in Oakland), and that's how we found out what areas to work in and what to do.

The daily job was to be out where the population, and even the members of the Department did not know where you were and what you were doing. The people should question how a man without a badge, without proper identification, without a uniform is going to "protect life and property." People should question why vehicles were taken into secluded places and the license plates taken off and out-of-state plates—which are kept in the police department in the fourth platoon—then wired or attached to the vehicle. These license plates can't even be traced by the Highway Patrol. This whole squad of 20 men had access to these vehicles.

After the incident of the plainclothesmen being on the street, I went into the station a week later and checked the records of cases reported during this period of time. Many of the cases were malicious damage to vehicles and property and some simple assaults on citizens. None of these cases had been solved, even though they were in areas where there were no riot problems at all. It's very strange that most of the victims of these cases were people who had signs in their windows (or on their bumpers) saying "Free Huey" or "Boycott Grapes" or other citizen action slogans. A collection of upwards of 50 cases were recorded during that period of five to ten days. None of the victims of these crimes were supporters of the Police Department or right-wing or so-called upstanding citizens. They all had some kind of sign to state that they were against the status quo.

At other times, when there's been a disturbance in the Telegraph Avenue area, I have seen tacks in bags, I've seen broken glass in bags, where members of the Department have taken it on themselves to spread these objects on the street to cut street peoples' feet. I saw one fellow do it, but not in uniform of course, and on his own time.

Did you, as a black policeman, experience any racist behavior within the Police Department?

One thing happened during Warren Widener's campaign for city council in 1969. Warren and I went to high school together; he was a senior when I was a sophomore. He stayed a block-and-a-half down the same street I lived on. We ran on the same track team. I put two of his stickers on my car, "Warren Widener, City Council." Then I put one on my locker in the Police Department. Some cat came by and asked me if I was aware that Widener was for community control of the Police Department. I said, "Yeah, I'm aware of it." I went to some campaign meetings, as a matter of fact. I didn't go out and ring doorbells or anything, but I mean I supported the cat. I had a right to. But the Department didn't like that.

One afternoon I went into the locker-room to change clothes for work; staring at me on the door of my locker was a picture of a monkey, hanging by its tail. So I was kind of jacked up. I just tore it down, put it in the trash can, and went up and told the lieutenant, "Hey man, things are happening, and if I catch somebody doing this, there's going to be some trouble." He said, "Well, you know how guys are. We might have a guy and never know where he's at." I said, "You're supposed to know where he's at if you're going to give him a psychiatric examination and all that background stuff before you hire him."

Another time, Jim Quinne—the oldest black man in the Department, he'd been there seven years—came in hot as a firecracker. He went over and told Captain Plummer that if he heard the expression "T.N.A."—typical nigger action—again, he was going to be in

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touch with the FCC, the Justice Department, and a whole lot of places. When you come on the air to get a clearance for your next assignment, you have to say "I need more cover," or "I need some more men to help me," or "assignment over," and they'll ask you what happened. So these cats got in the habit of labeling a housecall where a family is fighting, or a bunch of Berkeley High kids are ruckusing down the street, or whatever blacks are involved in, "T.N.A." That's not any professional talk to use on the air. And in the station, they were saying it like that, too. So Plummer had to come out of his office, over the lieutenant's head and call everybody together to run that down to them. He said: "We had some trouble today. From now on if the expression 'T.N.A.' is used in a radio transmission in this Department, the guy that uses it will be automatically suspended. The second time he uses it, he will be fired." You got black policemen out here in the street, and this kind of thing is going down day in and day out. That gives you an indication of where the Department is at as far as blacks are concerned.

* * *

By January, 1969, Ron had spent 14 months in the Berkeley Police Department. He'd seen homosexuals entrapped, long-haired kids harassed, and had himself born constant racial slurs. It was then that his aunt was selected for the Alameda County Grand Jury, part of whose job it was to interview Berkeley Police Lt. Darrell Hickman about the Department's activities. She asked Ron what kind of things she ought to be aware of in talking to Hickman and what she ought to ask about:

I told her one of the things she should ask him is why the Berkeley police don't investigate any type of organized crime in the city. There has never been a dynamic investigation of any type of labor machines or organized crime, the Mafia or anything. There is almost no admission that the Mafia or anybody has a hand anywhere around here. Not that I give a damn personally—I think the thing is so far out of hand, it's ridiculous. It involves cops, and those guys is just bad guys fighting bad guys.

Why, for instance are there 35–40 policemen (counting University cops) patrolling the campus area, the Telegraph Avenue area and the white business establishment area, while down on Sacramento Street [black Berkeley] holy hell turns loose? The people are at the mercy of the bad guys. Narcotics are so big, it's like so open, they stand on the sidewalk and deal. The cops don't stop down there. Until I got that beat, no cop would park his car there and get out by himself. All the bad asses, the really tough cops, you couldn't get them to get out in the street there by themselves. Up on the Avenue, they can do their thing without fear, but they won't go down to Sacramento Street with the blacks and do that shit.

I told my aunt to ask him about all this roving around and training with riot gear and teargas in September, 1968, and if it was actually a prelude to the kind of confrontation we would have if the Black Panthers could raise support from South and West Berkeley. The police could get a lot of practice whipping heads and be ready for the Panthers—they could smooth the operation out by practicing up on the Avenue where it didn't really matter. Nobody ain't shooting up on the Avenue.

So my aunt, she asked Hickman all that, point blank. Hickman came right back to the Police Department, and the next morning, as I was coming in and he was coming out of the office, we happened to meet. He said, "Hey, Ron, I met your aunt the other day." I said, "Oh, yeah? She's a hell of a girl isn't she?" He just said, "Yeah." That was the end of our conversation, but I had gotten the message: the heat was on. It was like he was saying, "You fed her some questions and she started raising some questions we can't answer. You're giving out information. That's no good."

Later, somebody on the staff even asked me whose side I was on—like the side of the Department against the people. I said, "One, I'm on my own side; two, on the side of the people; and then, if you want to know about the Police Department, if it's right, I'm on its side."

Has the police department formulated any special plans directed against radical black organizations like the Black Panthers?

The fourth platoon (which is the department's own "Special Forces" unit) does all sorts of things. Like they go around and count how many two- and three-story buildings there are so in case they have to do any shooting, they're going to get the high ground and shoot down on folks. And they want to know how many trap doors lead to the roofs, what angles there are and all sorts of other information. The Panthers are doing stuff too. The force got word that the Panthers had inside information on the Police Department—like how to get inside and rip them off. So naturally they decided to run down and get some information from a few black federal agents who infiltrated the Panthers. And man, they know how thick the glass is on the Panther office windows, how thick the bricks are in the wall, how many doors there are, how many air vents and everything. Then they pull all this information together from all their sources, they check it out, and then they draw up a plan as to what kind of gun would be needed to blow a certain door down and how many men would be needed to do it; how many men do you think you're going to lose if you take a place, and how many you have to kill to justify the men you lose.

One night I stayed out on surveillance in my private car for eight hours, watching to see if the Panthers brought guns in or out. We were supposed to try and catch them transporting some illegal weapons, but I looked at it this way: I just have eight hours to do and I'm sitting here. I won't tell them anything they don't already know, but I know it doesn't make any difference whether I tell or not. They have other cats that are watching me, and they have other cats that are watching the building. So I sat there. Nothing happened that time so far as I know.

But anyway, I want to show you how cold they are. In the neighborhood around the Panther office—to the North or off to the rear—they ask people, "Can we come into your house and watch this place. You know there are some bad guys over there in that Panther headquarters and we have to keep them under control, you know." The police know everything that happens in that area. Everything.

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From Dustbowl To Saigon: The "Peoples Bank" Builds an Empire

"It is no myth that A. P. Giannini, founder of Bank of America, was truly the little fellow's friend, the little fellow's banker."
—BANK OF AMERICA 1950 ANNUAL REPORT

ON FEBRUARY 25, 1970, a crowd of angry students from the University of California in Santa Barbara drove the police out of the student ghetto called Isla Vista and burned to the ground the local branch of the Bank of America.

"When asked what they had against the Bank of America," the San Francisco Chronicle reported, "students replied without elaboration that the bank 'supports the war in Vietnam.' " Said a 17-year-old bank-burner: "Well, it was there . . . the biggest capitalist establishment thing around."

The world's biggest bank, with assets of $25.3 billion, instantly mounted a $340,000 advertising blitz to denounce the burning of the $400,000 branch as "mindless violence." "We are but one bank, but we have decided to take our stand in Isla Vista," proclaimed the spunky financial behemoth in full-page ads around the country. The Isla Vista branch was quickly re-opened in trailers, while construction started on a new brick building, bigger than ever, with a new police station across the street.

The fact is, the mighty bank was stunned. Although the loss of the Isla Vista branch was negligible (the B of A still had 954 branches left in California, and another hundred in 75 countries around the world), the wound to the image cut deep. For the Bank of America, from the beginning an upstart and pariah to the old banking elite, had based its whole historic rise on its identification as the "people's bank." Its public face was its fortune. The Isla Vista branch itself had been a special experimental operation for the marketing research department to learn how to build a winning popular image among the new 17 to 25 generation.

In the aftermath of Isla Vista, the people's bank was being linked to everything from ecological plunder, to Vietnam, inflation, labor exploitation, usury, imperialism, and racism. Bank executives decided to deny everything. Twenty days after the burning, Bank President A. W. "Tom" Clausen made front-page news at the shareholder's annual meeting by denying that Bank of America (1) profited from the Vietnam war, (2) repressed farm labor, (3) exploited underdeveloped countries, (4) supported racism, or (5) possessed inordinate power over the American economy. Clausen even denied that the bank (6) "represented the capitalist establishment." All of it, said Clausen, was "pernicious propaganda." He harkened back to the legend of A. P. Giannini, founder of the "Little Fellow's Bank": "It is ironic, indeed, that the bank chosen for attack was founded to serve the common man. In its sixty-five years of existence, Bank of America has always maintained A. P. Giannini's philosophy that this bank would serve the needs of all the people, not just a privileged few."

[GOLD FROM THE MELTING POT]

BUT THE HEROIC UNDERDOG saga of Giannini and his bank, unquestionably one of the most revealing adventures of American capitalism, remained what it had been from the beginning in 1904—a thin ribbon of truth tied around a fat pack of lies.

The myth began with the man—Amadeo Peter Giannini—big, loud, gregarious and ambitious. His father, an Italian immigrant farmer who lived in San Jose, California, was shot by a farm worker in a dispute over a $1 debt when A. P. was seven. His mother remarried a fruit-and-produce trader, and the family moved to San Francisco's North Beach Italian colony. By the age of 12, her aggressive son was mastering the business; by age 19, his stepfather made him a partner; by 31, he could retire to seek new fields to conquer.

Giannini had married the daughter of a wealthy San Francisco merchant, and after his father-in-law's death, A. P. inherited his seat on the board of a little savings bank in North Beach. Soon Giannini found himself battling constantly with the bank's conservative management, pressuring them to loan out more money to the bustling Italian community. Frustrated, Giannini quit and in 1904 opened his own Bank of Italy in a refurbished saloon. "We were new to the game when we started out," Giannini recollected. "We had to do unusual things." In an era when banks tended to be run rather like the aristocratic clubs of the wealthy and the big corporations, Giannini set out to build a great bank on the financial business of the masses.

He sold stock in Bank of Italy to immigrant fish peddlers as well as to his rich business friends. He started the unheard-of practice of advertising for depositors, and then he astounded other bankers even more by advertising for bor-

Text continued on page 37

by Michael Sweeney

Illustration by Peter Marks

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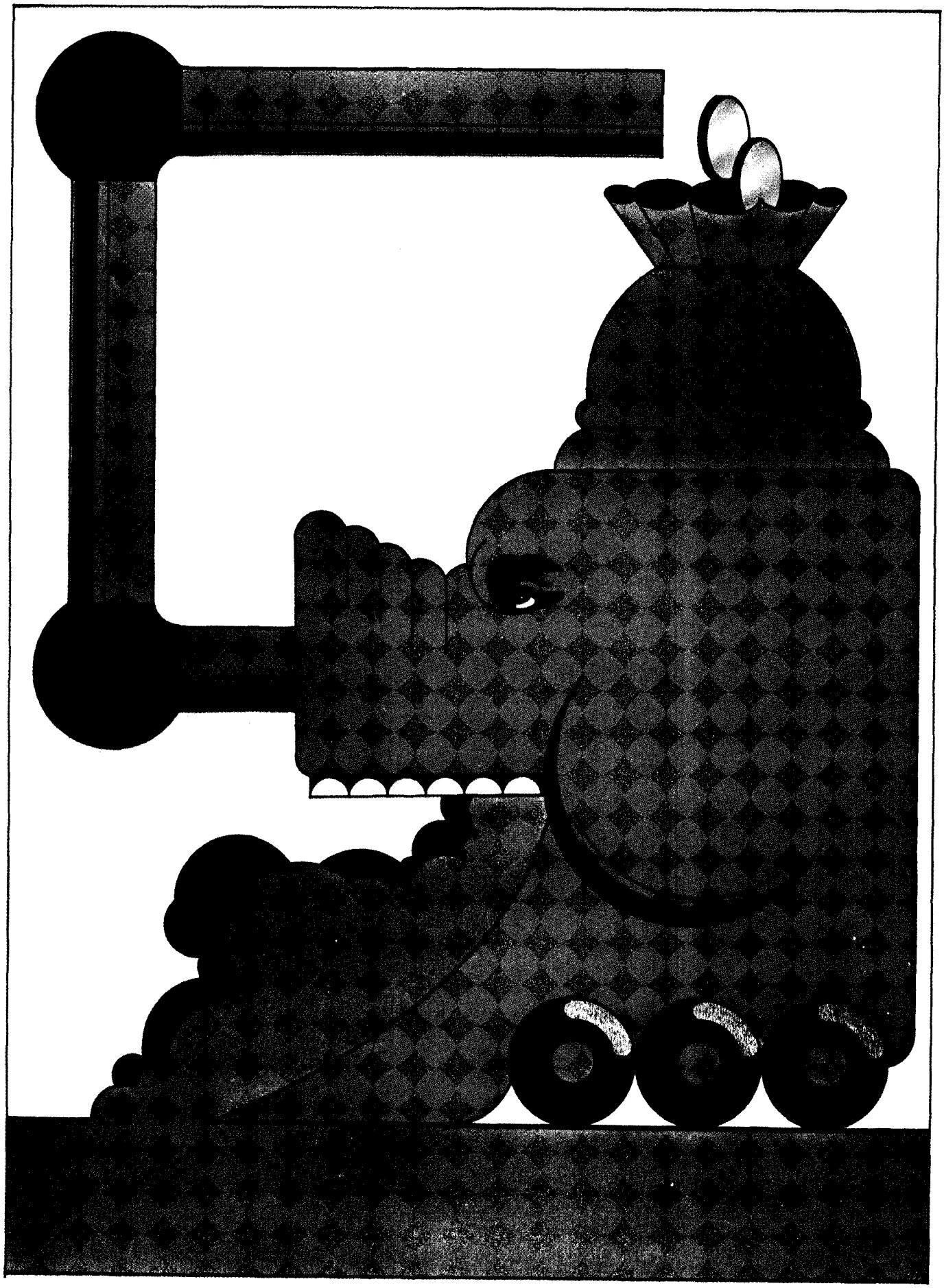

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Kaiser: You Pay Your Money and You Take Your Chances

Illustration by Mike Bull

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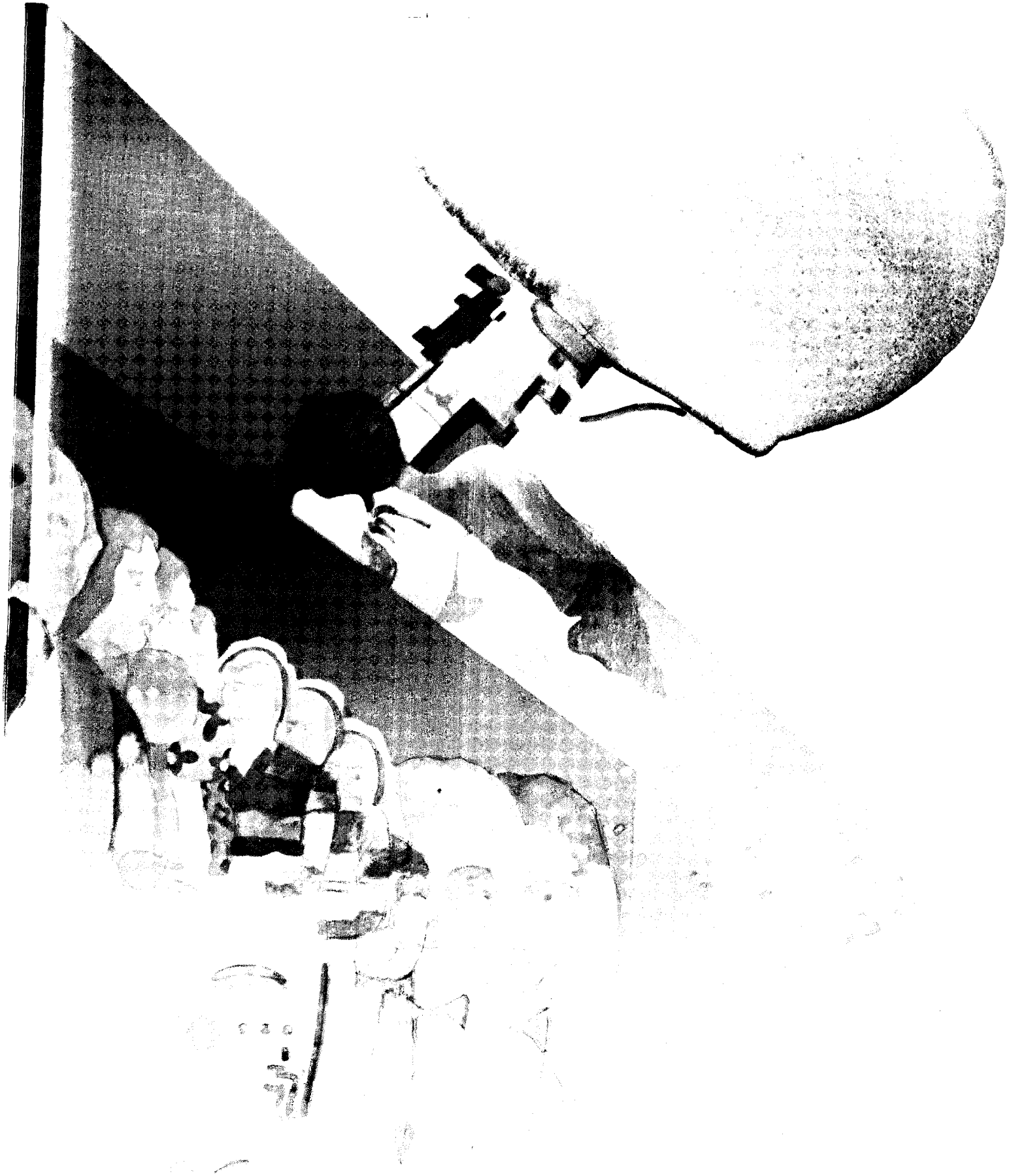

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"... intravenous injection bottles go dry and patients' arms begin to swell; patients' calls sometimes go unanswered for an hour; drugs are given to the wrong patients."
— A nurse at Kaiser's San Francisco hospital

by Judith Milgrom Carnoy

ONCE EVERY THREE MINUTES another patient is launched into a three-hour battery of medical measurements and tests in the "multiphasic" screening program at the Kaiser Foundation-Permanente Hospital in Oakland, California. Every month, 2000 work their way through a maze of 36 tests of their circulatory, endocrine and other systems, the results of which are recorded on computers. The experience culminates in an automated medical history and psychological probe, with the patient answering a series of questions by dropping cards into "yes" and "no" holes in a box.

It is only against the backdrop of a medical system as archaic as America's that Kaiser's multiphasic would be considered space-age medicine. "The majority of physicians, operating alone as private entrepreneurs," as Fortune magazine neatly puts it, "constitute an army of pushcart vendors in an age of supermarkets." But those who look to Kaiser as a kind of Safeway of the medical trade, and to Kaiser's multiphasic as a conveyor belt to the medical millenium—among them not only Fortune, but Scientific American and CBS-TV—should look more carefully. For the employees operating the gleaming machinery of the multiphasic report a staggering 25 per cent loss of records; the patient may either be called in again for re-testing or there may be no follow-up at all. Moreover, mechanical failures occur with astonishing regularity, and the physicians themselves remain very unsure of the reliability of the test procedures.

If the multiphasic screening is unreliable, why then is Kaiser expanding its multiphasic program? If the Kaiser Health Plan is inefficient and alienating for its members, why is it being boomed as an answer to America's critical medical problem? To answer these questions is to confront the malaise of market medicine and the incurability of its own chronic disorder.

[I]

THE MEDICAL MANPOWER shortage in this country is certainly real. According to Roger Egbert, Assistant Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, the health care system's immediate needs are for 50,000 more physicians, 150,000 more nurses, 9000 dentists and 100,000 paramedical personnel. At the same time that the health system is in a state of acute crisis, the medical income of self-employed doctors in 1967 was about $34,700, according to Fortune magazine; in 1965, it was $28,800. This is more than a cost-of-living increase.

These two patterns—the well-being of doctors and the misery of their patients—are, as one would expect, interconnected, but not merely in a medical sense. The high fees paid to doctors are a direct result, not of the numbers of sick people (or the degree of their sickness), but of the relative scarcity of doctors in a growing population. Because of its fear of a glut on the physician market, the American Medical Association has pressured medical schools to keep their requirements unreasonably high. Thus the number of graduating doctors has been kept to a sufficiently low level (there are actually, according to Fortune, fewer general practitioners now per 100,000 people than 50 years ago) and their income has risen to unconscionably high levels.

Not only the physicians have gained through this shortage, however. Promoters of the "medical machine" market, with programs like Kaiser's computerized multiphasic, also have found that doctor shortages and the corresponding shift to increases in technology and hardware are definitely in their interest because of the huge capital outlays involved. Thus the AMA and this budding medical-industrial complex are allies in maintaining the medical status quo.

Particularly amidst all the confusion and worry the health situation has created, the Kaiser empire's aura of automated benevolence and social planning allows it to occupy a vanguard position in the current dialogue on medical care. The Kaiser Plan is the nation's largest privately controlled prepaid health care system, and with the cost of private "vendor" physicians becoming all but prohibitive, is fast moving into a monopoly position in supermarket medical care, particularly in California. One out of every five families in San Francisco belongs to Kaiser, with its total membership exceeding two million. Subscribers are served by 51 clinics and 22 hospitals in California, Oregon, Washington, Hawaii, Cleveland and Denver, and expansion is reportedly coming to Detroit, Philadelphia and New Jersey. The plan is completely self-sustaining. Physical facilities and equipment worth $267 million have been financed by the monthly dues which subscribers pay into the Kaiser Health Plan, by bank loans, and by gifts from the Kaiser Family Foundation and Kaiser Industries. Additional revenue has come from government sources.

[II]

THE KAISER HEALTH PLAN was created by an eccentric, pill-popping, vitamin-obsessed hypochondriac who, in addition to christening all his industries with the family name, once went into car manufacturing with a cheap model he imaginatively dubbed the "Henry J." According to legend, Henry J. Kaiser was a frustrated doctor who often blamed his mother's early death on poor medical care, carried a doctor's bag wherever he went, and altruistically transformed his personal fixation into an effort to provide "medical care for all."

The reality was somewhat less noble. For the Kaiser Plan grew less out of the humanitarianism of Henry Kaiser than out of the requirements of the Kaiser Company's tremendous

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expansion under the benevolent hand of federally sponsored construction projects during the Depression. Contracts for the giant Hoover, Grand Coulee and Bonneville Dams had been handed to a consortium of six western companies, including Bechtel, Utah Construction, Morrison-Knudsen and Kaiser. More than 5000 Kaiser Company workers who were part of the project were cutting a canal to carry fresh water from the Colorado River to Los Angeles. The project was spread over 400 square miles of desert and any injuries or sickness meant a 200-mile trip to Los Angeles. There were many accidents, and several workers died en route to hospitals. Henry J. Kaiser, like other industrialists, was eventually to build on-the-job medical care centers to placate his men. It soon became apparent that these centers would only pay for themselves if instead of charging for service, deductions were made from the paychecks of all employees wishing to have access to the facilities. It was one of the first prepaid health plans.

With the coming of World War II, the market for dams slackened and Kaiser turned to other areas in which federal funders were interested—specifically, shipbuilding. Soon there were seven Kaiser-managed shipyards in California, Oregon and Washington, four of them in partnership with other construction companies and the other three owned outright. The number of shipyard workers on the West Coast jumped from 30,000 to over 200,000, with their industrial accident-proneness inundating the area's already overtaxed medical facilities. Dr. Sidney Garfield, who had set up the Grand Coulee Dam health facilities for Kaiser, was now called in once more to organize a new Kaiser medical plan. He located the new facility in an old building that once had housed the Fabiola Hospital in Oakland, and then built another about 15 miles north at Richmond, a California shipyard site. A third hospital was erected at Vancouver, Washington, for the Pacific Northwest yards, and still another at the new Kaiser Steel mill. To finance the new health care enterprise, Kaiser Company stock was donated to a nonprofit foundation called Permanente. But then, at the end of the war, the shipyards began to close. Tens of thousands of workers were laid off, and membership in the health plan plummeted, threatening what had become a substantial investment for Kaiser. Paying members had to be found quickly. And so, in a burst of philanthropic fervor, the plan was thrown open to the general public.

THUS IN 1945 Henry Kaiser began an aggressive national campaign for his new prototype of health-care insurance. Writing in syndicated newspaper columns, speaking on the radio, lobbying in the U.S. Congress, he proposed that government, through the Federal Housing Agency, guarantee 90 per cent of local bank loans to prepaid hospital construction. To avoid having his plan labelled socialized medicine, the legislation proposed by Kaiser banned FHA supervision or control of the prepaid medical programs and hospital construction. Henry J. staunchly argued that these prepaid medical projects would operate as "business enterprises motivated by the impelling force of competition."

In fact, Henry J.'s concern for the role of private enterprise in medical care had been the result of proposed New Deal social legislation advocating compulsory health insurance. As early as 1942, Kaiser warned of impending socialized medicine: "If the doctors fear socialized medicine, if industry is anxious about the widening powers of the State, why not venture *now*, boldly, into the activity that will forestall the super-planners in their schemes to direct medical service into the channels of distributive bounty?"

In California, Kaiser's own home base, both Governors Olson and Warren had introduced compulsory health plan bills. Olson's 1939 bill provided for compulsory insurance for workers with less than $3000 annual income. The later Warren bills were broadened, extending to government employees, and income limitations were dropped.

Supporting Kaiser's "anti-socialism" crusade was the American Medical Association, whose objectives were "defeating compulsory health insurance . . . by enrolling the people in sound voluntary health insurance systems." Much of industry as well was opposed to the idea of "forceful payment" by employers and employees for health, "where health care wasn't needed."

Committed to this fight against "socialized medicine," Kaiser forged ahead in building one of the biggest profit-making health corporations in the U.S.

[III]

LIKE ALL BIG CORPORATIONS, the Kaiser health complex is complicated and bureaucratic. For tax purposes, it has been cleverly divided into non-profit and profit status to maximize its returns. Like Blue Cross, the non-profit (but tax-paying) Kaiser Health Foundation Plan is a large insurance company, but with powers that Blue Cross only dreams of. Through its contractual alliances, the Plan economically controls Kaiser hospitals and Kaiser physicians. It buys all the major equipment and drugs for the Permanente Medical Group and the Hospital, owns the PMG clinic facilities, pays the PMG and Hospital taxes, pays for all liability insurance premiums, and arranges and pays for defense, adjustment and settlement of all claims.

The Kaiser Plan pays physicians salaries which are equal to the national average. Doctors who are partners in Permanente make from $26,000 to $100,000 a year, depending on the specialty. To keep the profit incentive in medical care, the Plan offers a profit-sharing program to "partners." (A "partner" is voted into the physician group after three years at a Kaiser facility.) The "incentive compensation," as it is called, consists of division of five per cent of the net Health Plan revenue. Thus during 1969, when PMG made extra profits of over $3 million, they were divided among the physicians.

The Kaiser health empire, however, is controlled neither by physicians nor hospital administrators. Oral tradition at Kaiser has always stressed that Kaiser Industries is a family enterprise. When it comes to the health care program, Kaiser publicly emphasizes, for tax reasons, the separation and independence of the two. But in fact the board of directors reads like a "who's who" of Kaiser Industries: seven of the nine board members—including Edgar Kaiser, chairman of the board—directly or indirectly represent Kaiser Industries interests.

Kaiser Health Plan's financial backbone for expansion is provided by the Henry J. Kaiser Family Foundation, owner of a major block (15 per cent) of Kaiser Industries stock.

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Henry J. Kaiser

Kaiser Industries is in turn a holding company for Kaiser Steel, Kaiser Aluminum and Kaiser Cement.

When the Kaiser Health Plan expanded into Hawaii, Oregon, Colorado and Ohio, the Kaiser Family Foundation transferred millions of dollars of Kaiser Industries stock to the Kaiser Foundation Hospital. Through the years, the Kaiser Foundation Hospital has also received "charitable gifts" from Kaiser executives now totalling several million dollars of Kaiser Industries stock. Recently all the stock was sold because additional money was needed for expansion.

But the financial flow between profit-making and nonprofit branches of the Kaiser family doesn't all go one way. In addition to tax benefits enjoyed from its relations with charitable enterprise, the Kaiser Engineers are the prime contractors for all Kaiser Hospital construction, and Kaiser Industries and its subsidiaries provide the steel, the aluminum and the cement for hospital building.

UNLIKE OTHER PREPAID medical groups, Kaiser has been successful at health care delivery, reports CBS-TV, because it is run like a corporation so it doesn't go bankrupt. But the quality of the health care it delivers is another matter. Explains an ex-Kaiser physician: "Kaiser is touted as the best medical care around, but it gives mediocre health care. Because it is a profit-making group, needing more and more revenue to survive, it can only give good service when its prices are too high for everyone to pay."

Like all successful businesses, Kaiser can put together a good "record." Compared to the California averages, Kaiser has significantly fewer hospital beds and physicians per member served; and for roughly comparable medical services, Kaiser expenses per member are about 30 to 40 per cent less than the expenses of the average Californian, although its prices are rising. An increase of 18 per cent occurred last winter and another seven per cent increase is expected this fall. The most striking relative economy of Kaiser is in its number of hospital beds and its per-member cost of hospitalization. Lower hospital admission rates are the primary source of Kaiser's lower costs. Fewer days of hospital care per member explain three-fourths of the savings of Kaiser relative to the State with respect to the number of hospital beds required per person. Higher occupancy rates in Kaiser hospitals account for the other one-fourth of the savings in beds. Not all of this difference represents a true economy of Kaiser. Many members obtain part of their medical care outside the Plan, thus reducing Kaiser expense per member. Also, by calculated plan, indigents and old persons—those most likely to require prolonged and expensive treatment—are underrepresented in Kaiser, compared to California's population.

The Kaiser program sounds relatively efficient, with medical care at fairly low costs. But in reality problems abound.

Kaiser Health Plan members don't always find it easy to obtain fast medical care. Usually when a patient calls for an appointment he will have to wait from two to three months to see his own physician—or, for that matter, *any* Kaiser physician. Frustrated, many patients go out of the system, preferring to see private doctors who give them fairly prompt service. Statistics show that Kaiser subscribers in the past have obtained about one-sixth of their physician and hospital care outside of the Kaiser Plan.

A union spokesman for the Carpenters and Millwork Union in San Francisco explains, "You gotta beat the system, but that means demanding, and sometimes yelling at the receptionist, and asking for your rights as a member. Most of our people are workers, and unfortunately they don't know what good health care is so they sit and wait."

And do they wait.

TAKE THE ORTHOPEDIC CLINIC at the San Francisco hospital. It is mid-afternoon, and 30 people are waiting, a few sitting in old wooden chairs, but most standing against the walls. Some people have waited as long as six hours and some will finally tire and go home without care. On one occasion, according to a hospital em-

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ployee, a patient was seen unwrapping his own leg bandage because he was tired of waiting. This vignette is repeated with variations in all Kaiser hospitals. There isn't enough space for waiting or examining; x-ray equipment for orthopedic testing (more than 60 per cent of x-ray equipment is used for orthopedics) is inadequate, and there is a need for more doctors and personnel. Patient-worker relationships are very bad; patients are always complaining to nurses and other staff with no results.

While millions of dollars are spent in capital expansion, Kaiser's manpower shortage continues. Physicians in the Kaiser clinics are overloaded with patients due to oversubscription of membership. Both doctors and patients are increasingly resentful of the assembly-line organization and lack of personal relations. One specialist who has left Kaiser claims that many of his patients didn't remember his name after he finished operating on them. "All they know is that they're Kaiser patients," he says.

One of the problems is that Kaiser's estimate of the optimum patient/physician ratio is high: one to 1000. Doctors are forced, under these conditions, to see too many patients. The Dermatology Department at the San Francisco hospital has seven doctors, while the overcrowded Orthopedic Clinic has five. There is also a noticeable difference in the ratio of members per doctor in certain areas. Overcrowding is not too much of a problem at some of the suburban Northern California clinics, such as those in Walnut Creek and Sunnyvale; but it is definitely present in San Francisco and Oakland, where there is a dimension of urban desperation with poor people and blacks. At Kaiser's Santa Clara hospital facility, "partners" in the Ob-Gyn Department carried on heated negotiations with the administration, asking for more physicians, more personnel and more control in decision-making. But the Kaiser hierarchy was unresponsive to their demands, and five of the doctors quit. Similar walkouts have recently occurred at the Redwood City hospital.

Nursing and housekeeping suffer from similar understaffing. One maid—with extra help one or two days a week—cleans an entire floor and singlehandedly makes up 51 beds. The San Francisco hospital is dirty: the floors are filthy, and the windows are dirty from the inside. One patient remarked, after looking at the blood-spattered ceiling in her semi-private room, "I knew hospitals were dirty, but . . ."

Nurses at the San Francisco hospital have said they need at least 30 more nurses to function effectively. But management says they only need 15. One nurse summed up the problem: "There is a great gap in the relationship between the Nursing Office and nurses because, unlike other area hospitals, the Nursing Office represents the Kaiser management. Errors occur constantly because of the lack of nurses: intravenous injection bottles go dry and patients' arms begin to swell; patients' calls sometimes go unanswered for an hour; drugs are given to the wrong patients. During the night shift at the San Francisco surgery ward with 30 rooms, there is only one nurse and one orderly on duty. Patients cannot receive good care under these circumstances."

Yet although the hospital facilities are crowded, and doctors and paramedical personnel overworked, physicians want an *increase* in membership for 1970—as high as 16,000 subscribers—and a rise in Health Plan rates. It seems that the doctors' salaries had not reached their natural ceiling and new revenues would be needed to finance their raises.

There is no consumer representation on the Kaiser Board of Directors or even within the Kaiser hospitals. At the San Francisco hospital, a woman hired by management and representing Kaiser interests hears patients' complaints. Kaiser does not want consumer representation. As far back as 1957, Henry J. summed up company policy, stating, "You don't ask your corner grocer to share his ownership with people who buy at the store."

Union leaders repeatedly have tried, and failed, to gain union representation on the Board of Directors. Spokesmen for the Kaiser Health Plan have told the unions that they will never surrender their absolute right over policy. Liberally inclined, the Kaiser people will meet and explain what they are doing and listen to grievances, but they will not be bound to any decisions made by consumers.

[IV]

MARKET MEDICINE GUIDED by the principle of consumer sovereignty has failed. McDonald's hamburger stands have checks to determine the quality of the meat used, but there are no checks on America's hospitals and the services they offer. It is probably logical therefore that Kaiser's contempt-for-the-consumer philosophy should be put forward as the new "free enterprise" solution. In June of this year, the Nixon Administration advanced "the avowed aim of fostering development of non-profit, prepaid group medical practice(s), such as that operated by the Kaiser Foundation."

Centralized medical care under the market system functions against people. It cannot square private interest through private profit with the task of promoting the general welfare. There is a lot of talk about providing services (always shaped by market economics) *for* the community; but there is hardly a word about planning health services *with* the community. The community recipient of health services has a right to determine the structure and content of its health services, and hospital workers around the country are at last beginning to organize around this issue, as well as around wages.

But what the patients or the hospital workers *know* is needed is unfortunately irrelevant, because the government, the AMA, the medical industry and Kaiser are already deciding the kind of health care the community is going to get—whether it likes it or not. In accordance with the system's built-in priorities, it will be a centralized hospital complex, dispensing mechanized care on a self-financing basis. It will be inefficient and insensitive; it will lose records and keep patients standing for hours against the wall; it will use the illusion that they are getting something cheap to keep them from complaining. The real answer to America's medical problems cannot be found in such *ersatz* solutions which do nothing more than offer sugar-coated versions of the same old priorities and medical incentive system. The answer is not in Kaiser; it lies, rather, in decentralized medical care, organized not for profit but for humanity.

Mrs. Carnoy is a staff member of Pacific Studies Center specializing in the health care field.

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The Children of Vietnam-II

In January 1967, we printed a photographic essay on children of Vietnam who had suffered horrible disfigurement as a result of the American presence in their country. At that time we were criticized for "tastelessness" in printing stark images of their suffering—skin melted by napalm, sightless eyes, limbs shattered almost beyond recognition. Our response, of course, was that these children were victims not of bad taste, but of an unconscionable war. In the following feature, compiled by French journalist Claude Johnes, we are again taking up the subject. These children's drawings and their brief, impressionistic thoughts on scenes from what has become daily life, show that the violence of the war is subtle as well as grotesque.

PHI, 8 years: I seem deaf. They scream loud. I don't understand why it lasts and lasts. Then my father says to me, "You're alive! You're alive!" It's all over, the holiday, the deaths. Why are the Americans so strong after the Vietcong are dead?

TUAN, 11 years: In the house, I saw a guy standing, but he is dead, held by a stake. What is that I see? It's the wooden leg that was burning!

TAM, 8 years: Around me all is dead. It is raining. It is always raining. The helicopters keep making it rain. Around my eyes a girl has an umbrella stuck in her stomach. Grandfather says, "You're alive!" My mama says to me, "You're alive!" Mama is looking at me. I think, at that instant, she has lost her hands.

DUNG, 10 years: Farewell child! Farewell bridge! My aunt's bones broken. The bridge broken. I am alone looking at the dead lit up by the clouds. The water does nothing. The mountains do nothing. I say,"Dung!" That's my name.

LIU, 8 years: To war, they are all gone! I alone stay with mama . . . The lights in the sky for lighting the roads fall non-stop, non-stop . . . They are all gone! . . . In the rice reserve the candle is not bright like the hole. Then that instant my mama looks at me with her eyes. I say to mama, "The ducks gone! Two pigs eat the corpse. . ."It was raining hard, the tank comes toward my house . . . as if to light up . . . At this moment on my face you see clearly that I am very afraid, very afraid. Suddenly my mama goes to look for all the papers and the false identification card . . . The corpse has no false papers, the troop of soldiers take him by his neck . . . I cry . . . Then they leave with two shots, "Bam! Bam!"[1] Then my mother sees my house is destroyed. The tank breaks the basins and the barrier.

[1] Two shots: two grenades. The child's family is no doubt Vietcong; his mother shows the soldiers false papers, and the soldiers throw two grenades into their house.

XUONG, 11 years: The American who smokes leans over me . . . the American has lots of hairs in his nose and on his hand. Now it is raining very hard on the dead and the American is in the house. Then I thought "the American is funny."
Question: "Funny,"why?
XUONG: I thought, me the grandfather and him the baby because of all the dead.
Question: You, the grandfather?
XUONG: Because I don't want to play. Him—he plays.

DUC, 9 years: The first revolver shot I hear, I think that it's the others amusing themselves and I don't know that it's the attack. And I was afraid. So I said to myself, "Where must I go? I think that it's the war starting." I almost died because I was playing in the court. I saw a mortar shell fall in the court. Bam! Made me lose my balance; lean, lean, like the birds were pulling me. And it made me deaf! Then I quick go in the house. Now I catch my breath and talk to mama. Then night falls. Then the curfew-bell, non-stop. I can't sleep and then five o'clock in the morning, I look in the street. I see the men bring the children and things to leave for evacuation, everywhere, and I don't know where I should go. Everywhere I hear, "tak! tak! bram! bram!" the shots. So that gives me the idea to go back into a house, any one. Now it's the second. I see there is a body on the river bank and the Americans who are shooting make it shake like rice cake, and it's like that during the second, the third, the fourth, the fifth, the sixth, the seventh, the eighth, the ninth, the tenth and etc. . . . Then at that moment my bandage it falls off and it's all over.

LY, 5 years:
Question: Ly, where do the Vietcong come from?
LY: From the mountains. (He points to the Pass of Clouds.)
Question: And the Americans?
LY: From the river.
Question: And the helicopters, where do they come from?
LY: From the mountains.
Question: Like the Vietcong?
LY: Ah! No! In torrents! Much stronger! The wind pushes the water and the rocks.[1]
Question: The Vietcong and the Americans are fighting each other in the mountains?
LY: No! They have flags.[2]

[1] Vietnamese children like to get close to American helicopters that land and take off, to struggle against the wind. The smallest are knocked over and rolled on the ground by the wind from the blades. There is no doubt a reminiscence of this in Ly's answer.

[2] They have flags: The civilians raise the red and yellow striped flag of South Vietnam or the star flag of the Vietcong by turns over their houses and sampans to avoid either bombings or terrorism. The child understands the flag as an effective means of protection. For him, all flags have lost their aggressive character to become protective instruments.

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[illegible] at the right side of the picture being wounded in the leg. At the left is his assailant.

[2] Gia Dinh: This nine-year-old artist was trying to portray a battle between the American helicopters and the entrenched soldiers of the NLF.

[3] Gia Dinh: To the left, a jet firing on an NLF soldier; to the right, helicopters firing on NLF snipers. The American presence is almost always represented in these paintings by machines.

[4] Saigon: The words "chi hoa" here refer to the sister of the child who painted the picture. She was named Hoa (which also means peace) and was wounded in a firefight

[5] [Saigon]: This nine-year-old was trying to portray a scene of street fighting, with helicopters, planes, burning buildings and a medical evacuation.

[6] Saigon: This painting is filled with a collection of images from the artist's recent experience—tanks, burning houses, refugees fleeing, prisoners being herded to jail, a woman crying over the dead.

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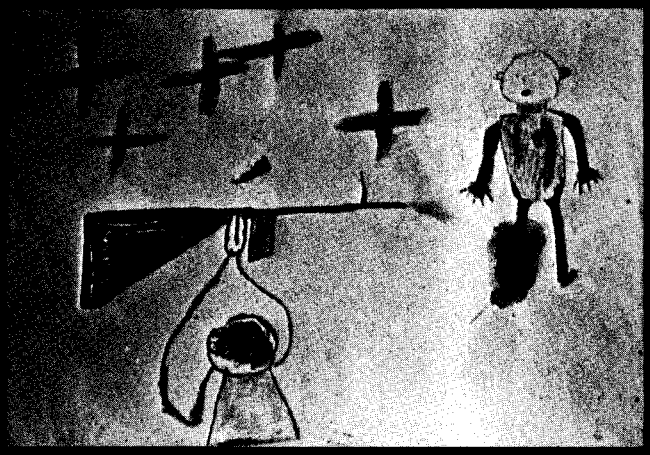

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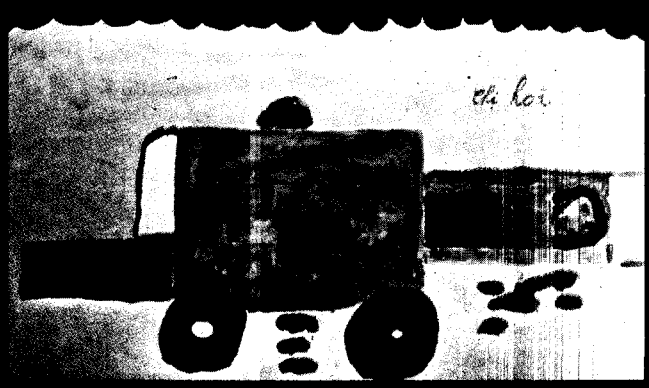

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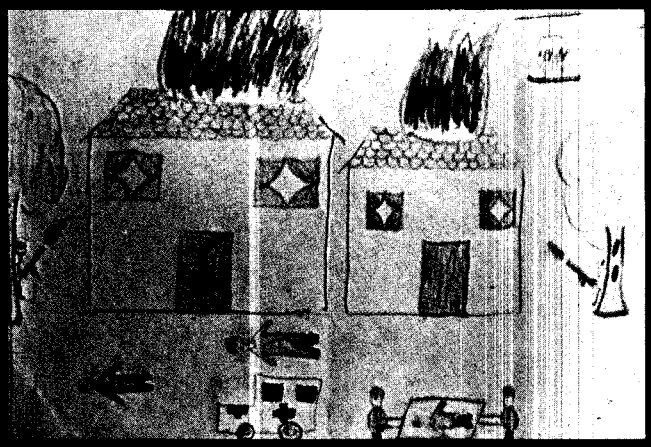

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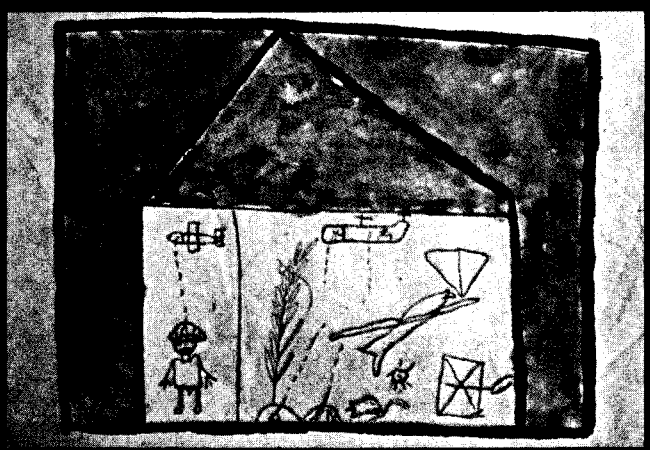

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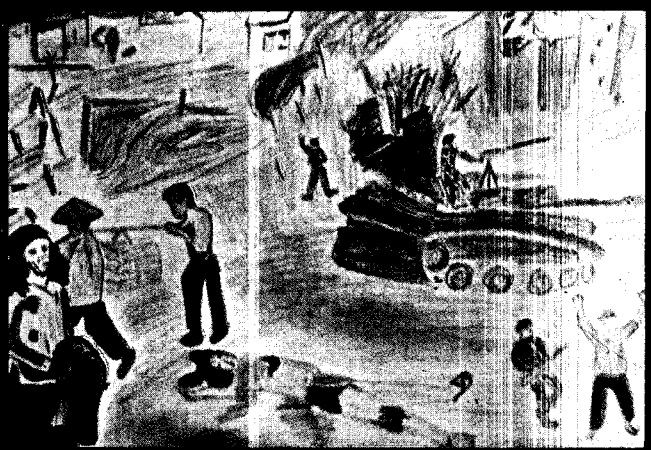

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[7] [Saigon]: The child who painted this picture said, "It is sad to see people running in every direction [after a bombing], to see people crying and screaming."

[8] Gia Dinh: Another kind of scene. To the left, a propaganda plane bombing with leaflets. To the right, the inevitable U.S. helicopter firing on its enemy. At the center, a soldier with a flamethrower.

[9] Hue: This drawing by Nguyen Quang Huy, shows an airstrike, the village burning, and the refugees in flight.

[10] Hue: This painting shows a U.S. helicopter evacuating the bodies of NLF soldiers whose feet are poking through the net into which they have been thrown.

[11] Hue: This painting is meant to show a canopy of bombs over the city and the soldiers and civilians trapped in the holocaust below.

[12] Gia Dinh: This ten-year-old shows a dense airstrike and tanks firing against an NLF position in a burning house. At the top left is a decapitated head.

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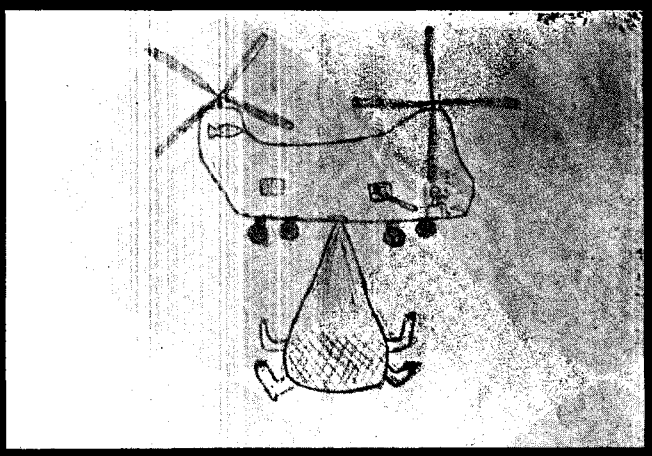

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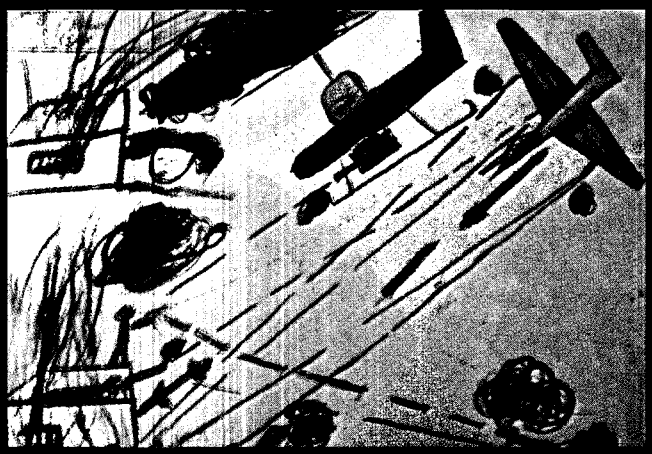

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rowers too. A. P. went barnstorming up the Sacramento Valley, looking up all the farmers who used to sell him grapes and scallions, and inveigled them in English or broken Italian until they agreed to take their gold out of their chimneys and deposit it in Bank of Italy.

When the 1906 earthquake and fire destroyed the bank's office and most of San Francisco as well, Giannini alone among the city's bankers opened shop the next morning with an open-air desk and a cardboard sign. The little bank boomed with the city's reconstruction. When the financial panic of 1907 forced most banks to resort to clearinghouse script, Bank of Italy paid in gold. Giannini became a folk hero; his bank could do no wrong. Shunning a private office and sitting at a desk in full view, Giannini would see as many as 100 people a day in short, shouted interviews. He was tireless. He remembered everybody by first name.

IN 1909, CALIFORNIA PASSED a law that would permit Giannini to spread his produce-market style of banking all over the state, eventually lumping together the deposits of enough "little fellows" to give Bank of Italy monopoly power over California banking. The new law permitted branch banking outside a bank's home city. Branch banking, Giannini's watchword, was generally prohibited in the United States out of the fear that the big city banks would gain too much power over the countryside. But California wanted to give some stability to its banks, shaken by the 1907 panic, so the door was opened to branch banking. The enterprising Giannini was by far the quickest to take advantage of the new law. All he needed to buy up a distant bank was the approval of the State Superintendent of Banking. And that could be bought.

Starting with a San Jose acquisition in 1909, Bank of Italy's representative raced up and down the booming state, buying banks as fast as it could digest them. "It was easy to merge banks," Giannini later reminisced. "People don't understand that as soon as you have bought a bank you have assets and cash, and as soon as you take over, you get your money back." Local bankers often rebelled against the Giannini take over, but they usually came around when threatened with ruinous competition across the street.

Giannini's flair for reaching the common people was as successful in the farm districts as it was in Italian North Beach. The "Dago bank," as it was sometimes derisively called, concentrated first on the Italian quarter of towns where it acquired a new branch. The ethnic loyalty paid off, and Giannini sought to apply the same technique to California's other national groups. The order to branch managers was "shake hands with people who handle good American money, although they sometimes don't speak good English." Special departments were set up to penetrate the Chinese, Greek, Portuguese, Slavic and Russian communities throughout the state. The Mexican division made little headway, however, because most of the prospects were migrant workers who were too poor even to interest the Little Fellow's Bank—a grim omen of the bank's future dealings with the lowest stratum of California society.

BY 1918 THE GIANNINI juggernaut had spread its network to 24 branches. The obliging State Banking Superintendent, W. R. Williams, who had authorized this expansion, resigned and took a job as cashier of Bank of Italy.

Meanwhile, the federal banking officials were beginning to apply some pressure. Bank of Italy had joined the Federal Reserve System in 1919. Two years later, the Federal Reserve Board ruled that no bank which belonged to the federal system could open new branches outside the head office city. While the Bank of Italy's competitors laughed, Giannini secretly bought the Bank of America of Los Angeles, which had 21 branches in 1923 and 96 by 1927. As an enthusiastic biographer says, "If you shut the window, he simply came up through the floor.

With a single-minded determination, Giannini fought to unite his properties into one giant system. Fearing to have one bank control so much of the state's money, Californians resisted. The state attorney general argued before the U.S. Supreme Court in a 1925 case that Giannini's empire was "a huge octopus that endeavors to fix for all time its monopolistic tentacles upon the banking resources of California."

But it was too late for California to stop the Giannini bandwagon. In the 1926 election, Giannini called together the resources of his entire organization to defeat the incumbent governor who was hostile to Bank of Italy expansion. All 300 branch managers came to a San Francisco conference where they were told to mobilize their employees to canvass the more than 100,000 stockholders for Giannini's candidate, C. C. Young. The bank won. Young—who was often referred to as "Giannini's governor"—appointed Will C. Wood as his banking superintendent. Wood immediately authorized the consolidation of all the Giannini banks into the system. One of A. P.'s lieutenants once said, "Wood may not have known much about banking, but he was a mighty good superintendent for us." Upon leaving office, Wood was later rewarded for his services with a job as an executive of the Bank of Italy in Oakland. The bank always had a job waiting for a friend.

[CRASHING WALL STREET]

JUST AS MASTERY OF THE North Beach fruit-and-produce trade had never satisfied the restless ambition of A. P. Giannini, neither did the rise to supremacy in the economic and political life of California in the 1920's. Giannini sought power for its own sake. He gave high positions in the bank to his brother and son, packed the boards of directors of his corporations with old Italian cronies, and generally told everyone that he would keep things "in my vest pocket" as long as he was around. Personal wealth was secondary, and he would die with an

Photomontage by Howard Harrison and College Press Service

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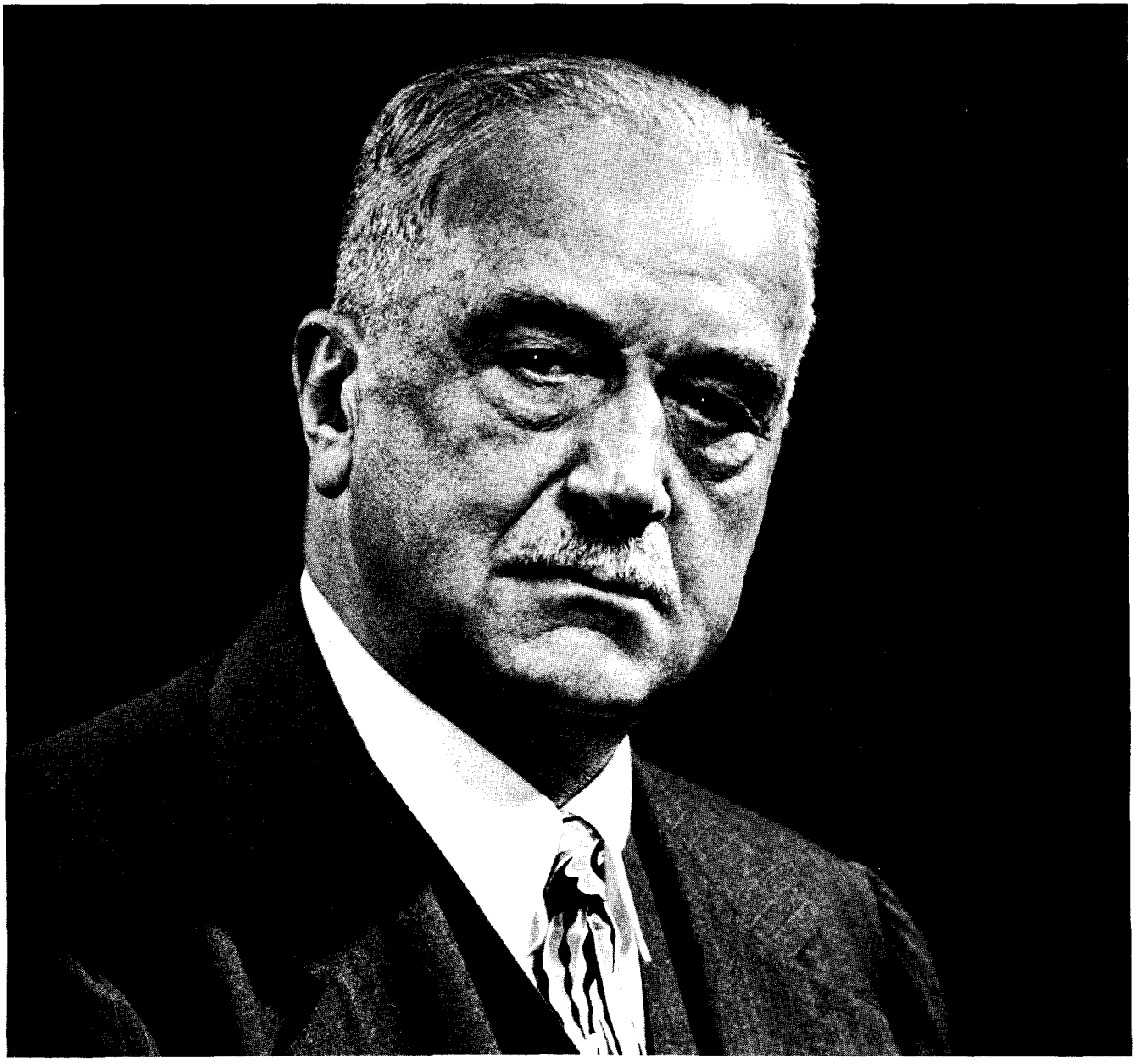

A. P. Giannini

estate of only $500,000 in 1949.

What Giannini wanted was the biggest bank of all. He grasped the essence of banking as a lever of *control* over vast financial resources one doesn't need to own. Giannini knew he could never reach the big time unless he penetrated Wall Street, the financial capital of the nation. It was the province of huge banks like Morgan, Chase and First National that would not even let many of Giannini's customers in their front door. The upstart from the West decided to make a headlong assault. In 1928, he made his first big investment in New York by purchasing the old Bank of America of New York through a holding company. The Establishment was alarmed. It brought on the first of many clashes Giannini would have with the powers of Wall Street. A partner in the dominant House of Morgan, ruler of the Street, came to visit and told Giannini to sell off all but 20 per cent of his interest in Bank of America in New York. Angry, Giannini sought advice from an old friend, Jackson Reynolds, president of the First National Bank. "You have made a great success and I do not presume to advise you," Reynolds told him. "But if the Morgans tell you to lie down and let them walk over you, I would lie down if I were you." A. P. grumbled, "I'm from the West and not accustomed to taking orders from people," but he did as he was told. When Giannini continued to expand his New York holdings, the Wall Street powers decided he needed another lesson. A tremendous selling pressure hit Bank of Italy stock, driving its price down $100 a share.

BLOODIED AND AILING, Giannini tried to consolidate his empire and make peace with Wall Street. He formed one giant holding company—Transamerica Corporation—to own Bank of Italy, his chains of banks in western states, his New York holdings and

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other operations. Giannini decided to let someone else lead the new holding company on Wall Street—"I was green there, and looked for financial talent," he recollected. He found it in Elisha Walker, the cold, austere president of a prominent Wall Street investment bank, Blair & Co., which was merged into Transamerica. Promising to carry on the fight for Giannini's dream of a nationwide banking chain, Walker became Transamerica board chairman. Giannini left to recuperate in Europe.

Walker soon showed that his loyalties remained with the Wall Street Establishment. He operated as a corporate fifth column. To the dismay of thousands of small stockholders in California, who had prospered by their share in Giannini's empire, Transamerica shares took a terrible beating in the 1929 stock market crash. With Giannini out of the way, Walker denounced the Transamerica empire as a hollow shell, with grave financial weaknesses. In 1931, Walker began to dismember Transamerica, selling off the New York holdings at a bargain price, and firing all of Giannini's old San Francisco friends from the board. Giannini later discovered evidence that Wall Street interests were milking Transamerica to save a respectable old Wall Street underwriter from collapse.

A. P. fought back with the same resource that had built his bank—the little fellows. Recovering his health, he slipped secretly back into California in 1931 and started a furious, wide-open proxy fight to regain control of Transamerica. With his son Mario and loyal lieutenants, Giannini barnstormed California, holding mass meetings of Transamerica shareholders to denounce the "Wall Street racketeers." At Stockton he drew 4,000 people; at San Francisco, 10,000. Clerks collected proxies from the crowd like salvation pledges at revival meetings. It was played as a populist crusade against the godless capitalists of the East—all to recapture the sacred grail of corporate control. Walker, meanwhile, was holding private luncheons to win the support of the largest shareholders. Ownership of Transamerica shares was widely distributed, so Giannini won. Walker was fired. Giannini's quest for a nationwide branch bank had been turned back, but the deepening crisis of the Great Depression would soon present a new opportunity.

[THE GOLDEN DUSTBOWL]

Oh, the banks are made of marble
With a guard at every door
And the vaults are stuffed with silver
That the people sweated for.

I've seen the weary farmer
A' plowing sod and loam
And I heard the auction hammer
A' knocking down his home.

—WOBBLIE BALLAD

CALIFORNIA AGRICULTURE, THE STATE'S largest industry, sank into depression long before the 1929 crash. Overproduction and unreliable markets brought misery to the farmer soon after World War I. As controllers of capital to whom the desperate must turn, banks have a way of profiting from other people's misfortune. Giannini's bank seized the opportunity to sink its financial roots deep into the soil of California farming, achieving a predominance it has never relinquished.

Soon the Bank of Italy held the largest share of California farm debt mortgage, equipment loans, and advances on crops. When the bad times forced a farmer to default, the bank's power became absolute. Bank field agents often decided which crops a farmer could grow. Small-scale farmers were forced to sell out to large ones. The bank pressed farmers into cooperative associations, under the control of big farmers who were tied closely to the bank by the lines of credit that sustained them.

Foreclosing on 1321 farms between 1926 and 1930, the bank quickly became the state's largest farmer by holding on to the more promising land itself. The least profitable farms were abandoned to the government for unpaid taxes. The bank's affiliate, California Lands, operated 127 farms in 1927, 1125 farms in 1929, and by 1936 was growing 60 crops on 2642 farms for an annual profit of $643,000. The human cost of this financial success was dramatized in John Steinbeck's *Grapes of Wrath* and Carey McWilliams' *Factories in the Field,* and the bank was condemned on the floor of Congress. A bank officer, assigned to evaluate the damage to the Little Fellow's Friend image, reported that "although the books probably strengthened the notion of land-grabbing on our part . . . it has not hurt us as shown by the extraordinary maintenance of our deposit levels."

The formula of "people's capitalism" had brought Giannini his success. He had started by building on a depressed ethnic population; now a depression of national scope opened the way for him to national power. He was in tune with the times: bankers were villains, so he sold himself as the unbanker. While other bankers stubbornly defended the system that served them, he found the system served him even better when he attacked it.

"The system has to be changed. There is something wrong with a system that lets 14,000,000 men get out of work," said Giannini. Things weren't looking too good for banks either. Hundreds had closed their doors, and Giannini's California chain, now known as Bank of America, was teetering on the verge of collapse. Worse—nationalization of banks was openly discussed in Washington.

With $200,000 of the bank's money, Giannini organized a "Back to Good Times" campaign in California in 1932. With radio and newspaper hoopla, the campaign tried to fight the psychology of deepening depression, but was a bit premature. Conditions worsened. Still, the campaign prefigured the futile hoopla of the New Deal. Giannini became interested in the Democratic presidential candidate, Franklin Delano Roosevelt, who was opposed by almost all bankers. Joseph P. Kennedy of the Boston clan arranged a meeting between the two. Out of it grew a close and lasting cooperation. Giannini gave Roosevelt his private support and contributed $2500 to the campaign. It would prove to be one of Giannini's most profitable investments.

ROOSEVELT'S INAUGURAL ADDRESS was a scathing attack on Wall Street, "the unscrupulous moneychangers" who had brought financial collapse. It sounded much like Giannini's barnstorming in the proxy fight for Transamerica. The old financial estab-

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lishment was out of favor, but Giannini was poised to fill their shoes and reap the full benefit of the New Deal. His alliance with Roosevelt paid off immediately. Against the advice of the Federal Reserve Governor of San Francisco, who questioned the bank's solvency, the administration permitted Bank of America to reopen after the March, 1933, bank holiday. Another victory was the Glass-Segal Banking Act of 1933, which permitted Giannini's Transamerica Corporation to renew the attempt at *national* branch banking that had been turned back in the '20s by the House of Morgan. He resumed buying up banks in Oregon, Nevada and other Western states, repeating the strategy that had succeeded in California.

The New Deal pork barrel of loans and public works contracts was the big prize for industry, and the saying in California was, "A.P.'s name is magic in Washington." The enterprising Henry J. Kaiser, head of a construction firm that was to grow under the bank's wing into a worldwide industrial empire, carried a handwritten letter of introduction from Giannini to Roosevelt in 1933. The payoff in government contracts to Kaiser would be immense, including a major share in building the Boulder, Grand Coulee, Bonneville and Parker dams. Most of big business was enraged at big government but understood the need for government money to resuscitate the economy. The bank also saw the urgency of giving the masses some stake in the system. It made a large number of private home mortgage loans at low interest rates which were guaranteed riskless by the Federal Housing Authority. A high level of individual home ownership, Giannini announced prophetically, would eventually make the state of California "among the most conservative in the country."

THE CRY FOR "PEOPLE'S CAPITALISM" also fit in nicely with Bank of America's invention of the modern installment purchase loan in 1935. Constantly increasing personal debt would become an essential means to keep up the demand for goods throughout the economy. (Today 15 per cent of personal income goes to pay off installment debt.) Hiring away a slick executive from a personal loan company to manage its effort, Bank of America moved into automobile financing with a massive advertising campaign: "Every Five Minutes Another Bank of America-Financed Car." With the new copyrighted name "Timeplan," the bank cut the minimum-sized loan to $50. An electronic credit file called a "Telefile" was introduced to record the details of 3,000,000 borrowers' lives—anything from a drunken driving conviction to a default on a loan. Federal FHA guarantees were obtained for Timeplan appliance loans, and the big volume of lending enabled Bank of America to undercut the finance companies by lending to the little people at a mere 13 per cent interest.

The banking profession was astounded. *American Banker* said Giannini's bank "sells loans just as American Tobacco Co. sells Lucky Strikes. It never deviates and it never lets up. As a result, it is doubtful that there is a single literate person in California who has not heard of the willingness of the Bank of America to lend money." Once again the democratization of usury paid off. "Installment credit loans are normally the most profitable and among the safest of all credits extended," noted a broker's report on Bank of America in 1946. Installment debt in America has surely surpassed Giannini's most fervent dreams: from $4.5 billion in 1939, it has grown to $98 billion this year.

[THE DOUGHBOYS AND THE WAR]

LIKE THE NEW DEAL IN GENERAL, Giannini's operations lost momentum as the depression dragged on. The Eastern financial interests resumed their attacks in 1937 on his Transamerica holding company, this time through allies in the federal government. Transamerica was barred from expanding its chain of banks in the Western states, and the Securities Exchange Commission started an investigation of Transamerica for a wide variety of fraudulent financial activities.

World War II arrived in time to save the fortunes of the American economy and Bank of America alike. Giant orders for military supplies, starting in 1940, put most of the 8 million then still unemployed back to work. California enjoyed a special boom, and Bank of America's difficulties with the Washington authorities melted in the crisis of war. Agriculture, the bank's bread and butter, was lifted out of stagnancy. Millions of dollars in government-guaranteed loans went from the bank to the aircraft industry in Southern California. Kaiser Industries, which had grown rich on the New Deal, became Bank of America's biggest single customer. Although Kaiser had never built a ship before the war, the Roosevelt administration gave him contracts to produce 1490 ships or 35 per cent of the total tonnage built during the war. As the war-fueled Kaiser companies launched a steel mill, cement works, and incendiary bomb plant, Bank of America's line of credit reached $43 million.

The militarization of society was even fitted into the bank's relentless pursuit of the mass of small depositers. It was their money after all that the bank earned profits on by loaning it out to others. Bank of America opened 44 banking facilities right on military bases throughout California. Even the Japanese-American residents of California who were herded into "security" camps were not forsaken. Whatever had not already been confiscated, they could deposit at the branches the B of A opened at the "relocation centers."

All in all the war was the best thing that had happened to Bank of America since the New Deal. At the start of the military build-up,it was the third largest bank in the United States. By 1945, it had grown to be the largest (non-government) bank in the world, with $5 billion in deposits. The two big New York rivals, Chase and First National, still dominate the "wholesale" banking business of the top U.S. corporations. They also had trust departments that controlled blocks of corporate stock far outstripping those in the trust department of Bank of America. But the upstart from the West had some important advantages. The small savings accounts which formed a high percentage of Bank of America's deposits were much more stable and predictable than the big corporate demand deposits. And with its branch network, Bank of America was also in a better position to cash in on the post-war boom in consumer borrowing. The advertising department was spending $800,000 yearly cultivating the image of the "Little Fellow's Bank," while Giannini proclaimed the financial independence of the West from the East: "We have all the money to finance

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whatever we want to."

By 1948, Transamerica Corporation controlled 645 banking offices in California, Oregon, Nevada, Arizona and Washington. This was 41 per cent of all bank deposits and 50 per cent of all bank loans. The conglomerate also controlled insurance companies, finance companies, real estate operations and business services. But at the instigation of the Eastern banking aristocracy, a Federal Reserve Board order in 1952 (reinforced by a Special Act of Congress in 1956) thwarted Giannini's old dream of building his branch banking coast-to-coast. Transamerica Corporation and Bank of America were separated, leaving the giant bank to build its future on its California base.

[FROM AGRICULTURE TO AGRIBUSINESS]

God Almighty made the Valley
For a land of milk and honey,
But a Corporation's got it,
For to turn it into money.
—DiGIORGIO STRIKE BALLAD, 1947

HAVING BOUGHT OUT AND foreclosed on farmers all over California who were bankrupted by the depression, Bank of America entered the '40s as the state's biggest landowner, with 600,000 acres. Some of the bank's executives wanted to hold on to these lands. But Giannini had not left the San Francisco fruit and produce trade behind to become a farmer, no matter how big. He had a vision of the bank as the core of a structure which would control vast resources and riches, not through simple directorship, but through a complex network of corporate and financial ties. Bank of America would carefully sell off its lands so as to create an unprecedented concentration of power in agriculture. This power would be exercised through a partnership with the new giants, corporations such as Kern County Land, Hunt Foods, Foremost Dairies, California Packing and DiGiorgio. These "integrated" corporations extended their operations from the farm to canneries, processing plants, distribution networks and even supermarket chains. They overcame the farmer's traditional vulnerable dependence on others to reach his ultimate market. And they overcame the impotent atomization of farm holdings: by 1959, six per cent of the state's farms owned 75 per cent of the agricultural land. The small farmers, rapidly shrinking in numbers, became more and more the captives of the big, integrated operators. The transformation was total: farming had given way to Agribusiness. And Bank of America, with its strategically placed mortgages and stockholdings, indispensable lines of credit and interlocking directors, was the very core of the new power. Agribusiness as a whole, linked by common ownership and directorships to the utilities, oil companies, railroads and interlocking banks, became in turn, the core of the California Establishment, with unchallenged control of the state economy and government.

Under Giannini, Bank of America became the world's largest agricultural lender. Agribusiness representatives became a majority of Bank of America's board of directors, and bank officers, in turn, held key directorships in the Agribusiness giants. Executives moved freely in between. By 1968, when Bank of America had $3 billion in California agribusiness loans, (half of the industry's total), president Rudolph Peterson commented, "In a very real sense, agriculture is our business."

THIS FIRM BASE IN AGRICULTURE is consistent with the bank's formula of success from the beginning. Growing out of the depressed Italian minority, gaining national stature in the misery of the depression and the sacrifice of war, the banks economic base continues to be eaking the greatest profit out of conditions of severest exploitation. The Bank of America is touted as a triumph of ethnic mobility because it helped a few names like DiGiorgio, Tognazzini, Mazzera, Petri and Wente join the Anglo-Saxon roster of corporate directors. But like trustees in an economic prison, they win their privilege by oppressing groups even more vulnerable than their own.

The wealth of Agribusiness was made possible by the desperate poverty of successive waves of ethnically oppressed farm workers: the Chinese in the early years of this century, followed by the Japanese, the Filipinos and the Oakies, and finally, since the war, the Mexicans, who presently form the backbone of farm labor. As a panel of doctors put it to the U.S. Senate last July, migrant farm work is "a deliberate, cruelly contrived and highly effective system . . . devised to extract the maximum work from other human beings for the cheapest possible price."

In breaking up farm worker strikes in 1934, 1936 and 1937, the Associated Farmers, organized in part by W. B. Camp, a former Bank of America executive, employed burning crosses and vigilante terror. After club-wielding Associated Farmer thugs attacked strikers at the 1939 walkout against DiGiorgio's pear orchards, Bank President Mario Giannini (A. P.'s son) publicly denied that the bank had even contributed "one dollar" to the group. Soon afterwards the bank admitted that it had, indeed, contributed $400.

And then, as in the big 1949–50 Arvin organizing strike, also against DiGiorgio, Bank of America's credit line enabled DiGiorgio to outlast the strikers.

The next big organizing effort came at Marysville in 1960, once more against DiGiorgio. The newly-organized Council of Growers led the anti-strike lobbying in Sacramento. The Council was chaired by Carl Wente, also chairman of Bank of America's executive committee.

All these strikes failed and would continue to fail as long as Agribusiness could import braceros (non-immigrant Mexican nationals) as strikebreakers. By 1964, there was a somewhat loose federal ban on bracero labor. Jesse Tapp, Bank of America chairman, as well as president of the State Board of Agriculture, announced that he supported circumventing the ban. Later the pro-braceros campaign was taken up by former Bank of America Vice President Earl Coke, Governor Ronald Reagan's director of the State Department of Agriculture.

Still more support came from the Giannini Foundation for Agricultural Economics at the University of California. The Giannini Foundation, created by a $1.5 million gift from A. P. Giannini in 1928, was a legendary success in harnessing the public facilities of the University to do free research and planning for Agribusiness. Bank of America directors doubled as Foundation directors and University regents to keep the agricultural scholarship of the Univer-

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sity on the right track. In the midst of the bracero controversy, the University produced and publicized a report that raised the specter of crops rotting unharvested in the fields if braceros were cut off. There was no substitute for the 60,000 braceros, said the report, even though California had 400,000 unemployed. Anti-bracero research findings were suppressed by the University of California.

Despite these efforts, the federal government had cut the bracero flow down to a trickle by 1965, opening the way for Cesar Chavez's United Farm Workers Organizing Committee. The growers flatly refused to bargain with UFWOC. And some powerful friends helped the growers resist the grape strike and boycott. The Defense Department doubled its grape purchases. Bank of America tided over the struck growers with loans, and refused to sign labor contracts for any of the thousands of acres of farmland it owned or managed. "We don't want to lead the parade," said a high bank officer. "This is a social revolution."

By 1970, the bank and the growers realized they finally had to come to terms with the UFWOC. UC's Giannini Foundation had tried hard to develop a mechanical grape harvester that would replace the striking farm workers, but none of the versions produced was operational. One last-ditch maneuver was a bill introduced in Congress by California Senator George Murphy (and still pending) which would outlaw boycotts, as well as picketing and striking during harvest. Bank of America President A. W. Clausen calls it "a just bill." Answering student charges following the Isla Vista branch burning, he told shareholders last March that "we have steadfastly maintained our policy of not taking sides in a labor dispute." However, he added, "The grower needs legislation that will not allow crops to rot in the fields at harvest time." Perhaps a good time for farm labor strikes might be at night, after work.

[BANKAMERICARD: THE DEBT MACHINE]

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE Timeplan installment loan had been part of Giannini's dream of making it easy for the poor man to go into debt at rates a rich man wouldn't dream of paying. Ten years after his death in 1949, his succesors at Bank of America raised his strategy to a new technological level—the bank credit card—a monorail down the primrose path. Good for buying practically anything, the ubiquitous BankAmericard made *every purchase* a potential installment loan from the bank—at a higher interest rate than ever.

BankAmericard takes a cut from every direction. On each purchase charged on BankAmericard, the bank gets a kickback of up to three per cent (formerly six per cent) from the merchant. If the cardholder doesn't pay his bill within 25 days, he must pay an automatic monthly service charge at an *18 per cent* annual interest rate. If the cardholder is short on cash, he can get an "instant" loan on BankAmericard for a *48 per cent* interest rate. It's all so neat and simple the proper interest is determined by electronic computer. You never feel a thing.

"We at Bank of America are excited about the future of BankAmericard," said bank president Rudolph Peterson in 1968. The next year BankAmericard brought $11 million in profits, and the figure is growing by leaps and bounds. Bank of America's success does not derive merely from automating usury. Once again it was their democratic vision that triumphed. The old-style cards like Diners Club, American Express and Carte Blanche relied on prestige and exclusiveness. Despite their head start, BankAmericard has left them in the dust with ten times as many customers as the biggest of them. And significantly the New York banks, which tried their own cards, had to give up and sign with the California initiatives BankAmericard or Mastercharge.

Today 30 million consumers hold BankAmericards, 639,000 merchants accept it, and 3300 banks are licensed by Bank of America to issue the card in 49 states outside California and in 48 foreign countries. This immensely profitable, computerized system didn't spring into existence without effort. Bank of America used its financial might to make it happen.

As competition sprang up from competing credit cards, unsolicited cards were mailed to practically anyone with a street address. In the jargon of the trade, the bank had "got its plastic in the air." Then the advertising department moved. "All possible ways to inform the public" have been used, says Donald McBride, head of BankAmericard, including billboards, newspapers, radio and TV. Beauty contest winner Diana Draper, Miss San Francisco, toured California on the bank's payroll, giving talks about the chic convenience of debt. The advertising onslaught slowly took effect. A bank research study shows that the average person let the card sit idle in his pocketbook until he was caught without cash in an emergency. After that first use, he would gradually get hooked.

But the merchants had to be roped into the system too—every business from department stores to gas stations to plumbers. The bank met some resistance. Merchants didn't want to give the bank a kickback of up to six per cent on each purchase, and they didn't want to be forced to open a Bank of America account in order to get immediate reimbursement for credit card purchases. At first the merchant might hope to make up the kickback by winning business away from competitors by offering the service. But in most lines the card soon becomes standard, giving no one an edge—except the bank. But the prospect of losing business to competitors if they didn't honor BankAmericard keeps merchants in line. With 30 per cent of all California households having a BankAmericard, "any business would lose some sales if they didn't accept it," explains McBride. "They would certainly lose mine."

With bigger computers, legions of credit police, and threats both idle and earnest, the bank says it has reduced losses on fraud and nonpayment to a negligible amount. But simultaneously the bank works to create more indebtedness among the socio-economic groups that are least able to meet their payments. "Young marrieds and the lower income groups" are the new market for expansion, says McBride, especially for the 48 per cent rate quickie loans. Bank statistics show that almost half of California BankAmericard holders in 1968 made less than $10,000 a year. It is this group that was once the prey of usurous finance companies and installment purchase plans. Now Bank of America is taking over from the small-time operators.

McBride looks forward to limitless vistas of consumer debt. "Already it's not unusual to see around-the-world

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trips being bought on it," says McBride expansively. "Soon, it will be cars—then any credit function." Within this century, he predicts, everyone will carry a standardized credit card just like an identification card. It will have replaced cash and checks as the prime medium of exchange.

Of course that means the provision of currency will have effectively passed out of the hands of government. Bank of America will take over the job in return for only a small percentage of every financial transaction. It is the logical extension of the Bankers'role. Besides standing between the lender (depositor) and borrower and taking a cut, he will stand between the buyer and the seller of all goods and services and take a cut—a small one of course; like the man who sets up a private toll gate to block a public thoroughfare, he knows the service isn't worth much, but he makes it up on volume.

[BANKERS' HANDS ACROSS THE SEA]

A FINANCIAL EMPIRE LIKE Giannini's, having burst out of the traditional realms of banking, could not long be contained by the geographic boundaries of the American nation. Growing up in the West, the end of the line for the economic juggernaut of Manifest Destiny, Bank of America sought out the new frontiers of global empire.

Since the earliest days, A. P. Giannini had set his sights on a world-spanning branch banking system. Just as early, he had run into implacable opposition from the Wall Street banks that dominated America's international banking. For a time, Giannini was barred from opening direct overseas branches; First National City, Chase and Morgan long kept their corner on the accounts of U.S. corporations with their substantial foreign trade and investment. But Giannini's vision would not be denied, "I would make branch banking nationwide and worldwide," he stormed before a hostile Senate Banking committee in 1929. "It is coming, gentlemen, and you cannot stop it."

The first link of the chain was forged in his ancestral homeland. Giannini created Banca d'America e D'Italia by buying up small local banks in Italy—the same tactic he used to gain monopoly power in California. Italy was ruled by Benito Mussolini's fascist government at that time, but Bank of America found the right-wing climate salutory. Mussolini was kind to the Italian-American whose California chain was then still known as Bank of Italy. "Il Duce" received Giannini with high honors during a visit in May, 1928, and made him a Knight of Malta. With the lofty capitalist transnationalism of Catch-22's Milo Minderbender, Banca d'America e d'Italia did a profitable business with Mussolini's regime right up until its collapse in 1943.

Meanwhile Bank of America was rolling up incalculably greater profits from the winning side of the war and simultaneously laying the basis for a rapid post-war expansion overseas. The aftermath of World War II gave the big boost that would send Bank of America out into the farthest reaches of the new U.S. empire which had supplanted the devastated imperiums of Europe.

For all their talk about "development" and "raising the world's standard of living," America's overseas banks have served as conduits draining the poor nations of their wealth. In Latin America, for instance, U.S. corporations put in $3.8 million in investments from 1950 to 1965 but they took out $11.3 million in profits.

In 1967, Tanzania's president Julius Nyerere nationalized all foreign banks, including a Bank of America affiliate, calling them "parasites" and "exploiters of Africa." Bank of America participated in a $40 million revolving line of credit to the South Africa government, until protests from civil rights groups forced an end to the arrangement in 1969. Chile banned all new foreign bank branches in 1967, just 36 hours after Bank of America rushed through approval for six branches there. Argentina banned new foreign branches in 1969 and Peru in 1970. Venezuela, Mexico and Canada have flatly prohibited any U.S. banks. The Canadians, said the Bank of America's international chief Roland Pierotti in 1969, "are charmingly frank about it. 'You own all the industry up here,' they say. 'The least you can do is let us have our own banks.' " Nevertheless, in the face of increasingly widespread resistance to U.S. economic domination, by 1970, Bank of America had extended its operations to 75 foreign countries.

BANK OF AMERICA'S INTERNATIONAL network advanced slowly but steadily through the '50s. Internationalist influence on the board of directors increased. Edgar Kaiser, son of Henry J., became Kaiser Industries' second representative in 1958, while Kaiser was busy expanding into 40 countries around the world. Roy Ash, president of internationally-oriented Litton Industries, joined the board in 1961.

By 1960, however, it was clear that B of A's overseas business must be accelerated. Total profits were stagnant, and actually registered an 11 per cent decline from 1960 to 1962. The internationalists looked for a new leader to take the helm. They found him in the Asia-oriented Rudolph Peterson who had spent 30 years in the Bank of America-Transamerica system. Peterson's attachment to the potentials of the Far East had deep roots in the bank's international development.

In 1946, A. P. Giannini himself took an overseas tour with his international vice president, Russell G. Smith, who was to become the founder in 1954 of the Asia Foundation, a major CIA conduit in Asian affairs. Giannini had perceived then that the Far East would be the natural province of expansive California business, an area of *Lebensraum* for its burgeoning accumulation of capital. Bank of America branches followed the flag into Thailand, the Philippines and into subjugated Japan in 1947. In China, the communist revolution made things a bit unstable at the time, but Giannini ignored the warnings of Chinese bankers and set up a Bank of America branch in Shanghai in January, 1949. How could the Little Fellow's Bank pass up the opportunity to serve the 400 million people of China? The Red Army marched into Shanghai five months later. The branch was seized and the manager interned. Despite adversity, however, the B of A's Asianization program had hardly begun.

But it was under Peterson that Asian expansion came to full realization. His was an ecstatic vision: "The wave of the future rides in the Pacific . . . there is no more vast or rich area for resource development of trade growth in the

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world today than this immense region, and it is virtually our own front yard . . . Were we California businessmen to play a more dynamic role in helping trade development in the Pacific Rim, we would have giant, hungry new markets for our products and vast new profit potential for our firms." Peterson was quickly elected a director of Kaiser, which by then was making nearly a third of its profits overseas.

IN HIS FIRST TWO YEARS as president, Peterson established seven new branches in East Asia. But the promising Asian network began to tremble in 1965 with the victories of the National Liberation Front in South Vietnam. It seemed that nationalist social revolution might sweep over all of Asia. In February, 1965, ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge warned, "He who holds or has influence in Vietnam can affect the future of the Philippines and Formosa to the east, Thailand and Burma with their huge rice surpluses to the west, and Malaysia and Indonesia with their rubber, oil, and tin to the south."

A month later, the first U.S. ground combat units landed in Vietnam. The bankers heaved a sigh of relief. Vice President Alfred Wentworth of Chase Manhattan announced, "U.S. actions in Vietnam this year have considerably reassured both Asian and Western investors." Bank of America, typically more discrete, told its shareholders, "In Vietnam it is hoped that the increased efforts of the United States will make possible a resolution of differences."

Within a year, while U.S. bombers were busily resolving differences, Chase Manhattan and Bank of America opened their first branches in Saigon. Bank of America also set up nine other banking facilities at U.S. bases in Vietnam and Thailand. The short-term investment climate wasn't too hospitable, the bankers admitted, but there was the future to think of. Explained Roy Alkire, manager of Bank of America's branch, "The U.S. government wanted American banks here, since there have been no regular banking facilities available to the troops and embassy staff. Moreover, having a branch in Vietnam ties in with our long-range plans, looking ahead to the time when the country is once more at peace."

While awaiting a just and lucrative peace, Bank of America found a few ways to turn a quick profit at the Saigon branch. One was financing the shipping of war materiel, relief supplies and luxury goods for U.S. personnel. Another was ordinary crime. In April 1967, Saigon authorities said Bank of America's and Chase's branches were being used for illegal blackmarket currency manipulations by U.S. civilian employees of American companies operating in Vietnam. (U.S. Attorney Robert Morgenthau was preparing indictments against banks involved in such currency swindles when he was fired from his job by President Nixon in 1969.)

By 1967, following the massacre of more than 500,000 suspected leftists, and the reversal of Sukarno's anti-imperialist economic policies, the investment climate also had turned sunny in Indonesia. Bank of America soon gained permission to open its first Djkarta branches. The Dillingham Corporation, represented on the Bank of America board by Lowell S. Dillingham, joined with Kaiser in a rush of big U.S. corporations to gain concessions on Indonesia's vast, untapped mineral wealth. Dillingham, aided by a $20 million bond issue managed by Bank of America in 1968, also won a huge contract to build the Sattahip naval and air base in Thailand, from which B-52 bombers now devastate the countryside in Laos and Cambodia as well as in Vietnam. But spoils of war aside, Bank of America chairman Louis Lundborg reaffirmed the long term-basis of the Asian imperative in 1967 when he explained: "We're not likely to grow as rapidly in California in the future as we have in the past. Therefore, we are seeking additional avenues of growth." And indeed by 1970, return on new U.S. investments in Asia has reached an astronomical 20 to 40 per cent a year. Even the traditional Agribusiness interests of B of A had caught the wanderlust. They realized that starvation in the Third World could serve them as a reliable growth investment.

WHEN RUDOLPH PETERSON SPOKE of "hungry new markets," he meant just what he said. India's 500 million people, imprisoned in poverty and always close to mass starvation, were set firmly in Peterson's sights. The impoverished farm laborers had built the bank's wealth in California, and now Peterson saw "one of the most interesting profit opportunities in the last third of the Twentieth Century . . . in the political imperative of agribusiness development in the lesser developed countries . . . we are in a unique position because we are the only large international bank with extensive experience in this field." The bank opened its first Indian branch in Bombay in 1964.

Indian farming desperately needed more fertilizer. Food production was not keeping pace with population. A growing grain deficit had to be made up by imports that reached six million tons even in 1964–65, a year of bumper crops. Strenuous efforts had been made by the Indian government to build more fertilizer plants under government ownership, but it could never borrow enough from the Western lenders to finance such developments along socialist lines. The Western oil and chemical corporations wanted to build and operate the fertilizer plants themselves, on their own terms. A blue-ribbon line-up of U.S. corporations was waiting for the chance. It included Armour & Co. (backed by Bank of America), Standard Oil of Indiana, Bechtel, Allied Chemical, and Phillips Petroleum.

Bechtel Corporation, head of a syndicate which included Texaco and Gulf, was pushing the Indian government to approve a scheme to build five giant fertilizer plants that would quadruple India's fertilizer production. Bechtel wanted to hold majority ownership of the plants, bypass India's government-controlled price and distribution system, and obtain a guarantee of a profit rate of about 20 per cent a year, "to recuperate the capital . . . about five years from the start of operation," according to the New York *Times*. Besides all that, Gulf and Texaco wanted the plants to buy naptha, the raw material for the fertilizer, from their Middle Eastern sources, even though India already had a naptha surplus from its own government-owned refineries. It was extortion, corporate-style. India turned it down.

In mid-1965, two disasters hit the Indian economy. First, the summer monsoon failed, causing a severe two-year famine. Second, the old Kashmir dispute with Pakistan

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broke into full-scale warfare. The U.S. decided the time was ripe to impress upon India a more obliging attitude toward foreign investment. The Food-for-Peace agreement expired in June, 1965, and President Johnson refused to authorize a new agreement. Shipments were put on a month-to-month basis, with India never being sure whether the grain ships would continue to arrive in time to ward off mass starvation. Then in September, Johnson suspended all U.S. foreign aid. The U.S. controlled World Bank tightened the squeeze by slowing down its loans. India, which relied on $1 billion a year in Western aid just to be able to make the payments on its old Western "Timeplan" loans, lurched toward bankruptcy.

By December, the Shastri government had had enough. It announced that foreign investors in fertilizer would be allowed to set their own prices and handle their own distribution. This might have been sufficient a year earlier, but now it was not enough. The corporations held back, and President Johnson offered no new aid agreement. "President Johnson is reported to be making India's progress in signing agreements with private fertilizer investors a major condition for the resumption of aid," reported the New York Times.

In April, 1966, the new prime minister, Indira Gandhi, flew to Washington and delivered her total capitulation to the U.S. demands. The corporations were given the right to majority control of fertilizer plants, because, said the New York Times, "private bankers in the U.S. would not approve loans" otherwise. India agreed to a drastic 36.5 per cent devaluation of the rupee, raising the buying power of the U.S. investment dollars. Eleven days later, President Johnson announced that the U.S. would resume full-scale humanitarian aid and economic assistance to India.

BANK OF AMERICA GOT ITS cut with a deal to finance a $70 million fertilizer plant to be owned jointly by the bank, Armour & Co., U.S. Steel and India's privately-owned Birla Industries. The World Bank's International Finance Corporation eased the way with some low-cost financing, and the U.S. government's AID gave the project a free "extended-risk" guarantee against war, revolution, expropriation and loss—under a plan worked out the year before by Francis X. Scafuro, a Bank of America vice president.

In December, 1969, at the time of his retirement as Bank of America President, Rudolph Peterson pointed to the India fertilizer deal as one of the bank's finest achievements. 1970 was dawning, and one could almost hear him add, "If only Vietnam would be so easy!" The war was decidedly turning sour.

[HAWKS, DOVES AND VULTURES]

IN APRIL, BANK OF AMERICA chairman Louis B. Lundborg made front-page news by announcing that the war in Vietnam was a "tragic national mistake . . . a colossal one." And that it was time to "begin to call for an end to the squandering of American blood, morale and resources on what is in essence an Asian war of nationalism."

Lundborg's statement was not just a grandstand play to shore up the Bank's image with youth in the wake of the Isla Vista burning two months before. Lundborg told the Senate Foreign Relations committee that day, "There have been reckless and often deliberately malicious charges that the U.S. business community has supported the Vietnam war in an effort to reap huge profits. Let's look at the record." He proceeded to describe the persistent inflation, balance-of-payments crisis and domestic turmoil—all of which had truly turned much of big business against the war (unless it could really be fought on a sound austerity budget through Vietnamization). But Lundborg remained completely silent on the subject of the U.S. overseas empire the war was launched and sustained in order to protect. He called for cutting losses in Vietnam, but he did not for example offer to surrender the bank's profits in India as well. He was reduced in fact to a ludicrous, imperialist pacifism, calling on the Third World to give up armed resistance and try to do battle in the capitalistic market place. "I would like to be able to say to potential aggressors all over the world, 'If you want to profit, if you want to own the world, don't dissipate your energies in wasteful warfare—follow the example of Japan and Germany *since* World War II and be economically aggressive.' War is, as we would say in business, a low-yield operation."

The yield of America's unsuccessful war against the Vietnamese Revolution may have been low, but a month earlier Bank of America's vice president for Asia, Louis Mulkern, expressed the other side of the U.S. dilemma: The yield is low, but the stakes are high. Mulkern told a reporter that, politics of attraction would be wholly with Peking." Ultimately the success of the bank's enterprise *requires* the awful costs from which it now shrinks. That is why the burning of the Bank of America was a declaration of revolution against the structure of American society. This bank is not the heart of the capitalist ruling class; the heart still lies in Wall Street. Nor is the bank the most brutal of the corporations. It is progressive; it tries hard to keep its hands clean. It is the *success* of Bank of America that makes it the enemy. Each success was built on the misery of "little fellows," the same "little fellows" that the bank claims to serve. The bank's profits are taken out of the hide of the farm worker, distilled from the blood of the Vietnamese.

No bank is more *of* America—an America which has twisted the spirit of individualism into the world's greatest nightmare. While praising the glories of free enterprise, Bank of America built a monopoly. While enriching the elite of the Italian immigrants, it impoverished the mass of the Mexican-Americans. While opening up the riches of Asia, it would condemn the Asians to perpetual poverty.

It is not diabolical scheming that brings these results; it is success—the kind of success defined by American capitalism. The Bank of America is the Horatio Alger story of the 20th century. A. P. Giannini built a better mousetrap, and the "little people" are the mice.

Michael Sweeney is a member of the Pacific Studies Center. His views do not necessarily represent those of the Center. *Research for this article was provided by Fred Goff of the North American Congress on Latin America in Berkeley, California, and also by Paul Rupert and Summers Goff.*

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Back-of-the-Book

Nielsen to Newspeak: CBS Seeks an Image

The Storefront Lawyers

Mary Tyler Moore

Headmaster

Arnie

FIFTEEN MEN AND WOMEN, picked randomly off the streets of Manhattan, are ushered to a third-floor screening room at CBS television headquarters. They sit in chairs especially outfitted with a red and green button which they push to indicate how they feel as the images of a prospective new television series rush across the screen.

This pilot film is unlike anything they've seen. It is called *Those Were The Days*, and it would resemble conventional situation comedy except that the language isn't conventional and the situations aren't comic. For example: a man appears on the screen shouting epithets like "Hebe," "Spic," and "Coon" as he argues with his idealistic son-in-law; a young couple moves in with the bride's parents and has a moment of confusion when they bump into a black family moving in next door; on a Sunday morning the parents go stolidly off to church and the newlyweds take advantage of the generation gap by sneaking upstairs to make love.

While this pilot has its randomly selected audience frantically pushing buttons, a special assistant to CBS President Frank Stanton is on another floor of the building working on experimental TV projects. His group is comprised of bright young people known around the network as The Video Freaks, and they are using portable videotape equipment to package new kinds of programs about black militance, about rock festivals and the wanderings of the Now Generation. Their experiments may someday wind up in hour segments on suburban television screens, or they may be mass distributed in cartridges to be played over EVR (Electronic Video Recording), CBS' new home video playback system.

The network is bristling with avant-garde activity these days, and the casual observer would probably assume that CBS has been gliding along smoothly in the post-Easy Rider world, and that business had never been better. He would be wrong. CBS is actually just emerging from a profound identity crisis. It began last February when the networks traditionally put their new shows and holdovers on the advertising market. For the first time in many seasons, clients weren't competing to be allowed to sponsor CBS shows. By mid-June, in fact, it became clear that the whole industry was facing significant problems. For one thing, inflation had cut deep into advertisers' budgets. In 1969, for instance, General Motors alone had contributed $40,999,000 to network revenues; but in 1970 the auto industry was anticipating a sales slump and was also reluctant to raid the war chest it had hoarded to fight an expected UAW strike. This pinch was aggravated by the impending loss of all advertising revenue from the tobacco industry whose ads are scheduled to disappear on January 2, 1971, the day after the Rose Bowl game when cigarette commercials bring $120,000 a minute to the networks. There was also the prospect of more prime time being given over to local programs.

This was only the tip of an iceberg which CBS had rammed, like the good ship Titanic, at the height of its arrogance.

[II]

IN 1969, ADVERTISERS paid CBS over $650 million (an average of $60,000 per minute for prime time) to present their products. This figure was justified under the rules of television's eccentric economy: the Nielsen ratings showed that the network was number one, largely on the strength of *Gunsmoke, I Love Lucy, Beverly Hillbillies,* and other old chestnuts that had allowed CBS to outdraw NBC and ABC in the ratings duels over the past 15 years.

Nobody was giving these shows awards for candidly portraying American manners at mid-century; but nobody was doubting their ability to attract viewers either. There was, however, a catch: for the past couple of years the wizards of Madison Avenue

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had been writing new rules for the rating game, planning the obsolescence of the mass audience. The fact that all the old CBS stalwarts attracted large numbers of viewers, the new rules said, did not necessarily mean that they were those people most likely to purchase the goods and services the sponsor was offering. Spurred on by a tremulous economy that was shrinking their clients' budgets, these sales experts came up with a new term which has quickly risen in importance until it is second only to "relevance" as a watchword in the television industry. It is "demographics," and it means that what is important is not the size of an audience, but its purchasing power. Thus the young, affluent viewer oriented to a complex urban reality became the new target of the advertiser. The magic age range is between 18 and 49. The ideal member of this group is part of a market with the most growth potential; he had the most money; he was less harried by inflation than other sectors of the television audience and more susceptible to the appeal of luxury items. As far as CBS was concerned, the only problem was that he either didn't watch television or watched it on other networks.

CBS had been the leader for more than a decade. But suddenly, at what seemed the height of its empire, it found that it had an exotic disease the industry experts diagnosed as "bimodal skew," in which programs have appeal mainly to two extremes—tots on allowances and old folks on pension. Moreover, its audience was concentrated in the rural part of the country, blueprinted soon to fade into the American past. CBS found that its two competitors were in a better position to heed the new demographic imperatives. It was at this moment that changes began to be made in the network headquarters, called "Black Rock" by its inhabitans—changes that will be reflected in what is called the Fall Lineup, and probably long afterwards.

| III |

When Robert Wood became president of CBS-TV early last year, he immediately announced a new look for the network—one which not only committed CBS to "de-ruralize" the composition of its audience, but also to appeal to the Now Generation. In keeping with this strategy, new series like *Storefront Lawyers* were scheduled. This show will depict the fortunes of three young attorneys who are members of a reputable law firm but spend their time serving as people's advocates in the community. "They redress wrongs," reads network promotional copy. "They challenge authority. They bring justice where justice has always meant punishment. They capture not only the dedicated involvement of the attorneys they portray; they capture the whole spirit of an exciting, significant movement."

The Interns portrays another team of professionals committed to being young and doing good. "You live or die by young people," says producer Charles Larson, "and we have five in the cast, all with potential stardom." Adds Larson, "Prudery has given way to reality, and that's the line we'll take." He has searched the headlines for story material to keep the series contemporary. For instance, one incident in an early episode of the series involves the death of an 11-year-old heroin addict.

In another show, Mary Tyler Moore, (who starred several years ago as Dick Van Dyke's TV wife) portrays a 30-year-old woman from a small town who moves to the big city to mend a broken heart (and capture the urban career girl demographic). In this series, she will apply for a job as secretary at a TV station, only to find it's been filled. But, she is told that if she will take $15 a week less, she can be an associate producer in the newsroom. Since she needs social purpose, not mere purchasing power, she takes the lower wage.

Headmaster stars Andy Griffith. He last appeared on television as a hayseed sheriff but is now the headmaster of a private, progressive co-ed school in suburbia. "He joins a school because that's where the action is today," says producer Aaron Ruben. "Things are happening today that it seems a pity not to write them about entertainingly." Episodes in *Headmaster* will deal with drug addiction among teenagers, sex education in school, and one story about a boy who attempts suicide because his father was pushing him too hard to get into Harvard.

The new demographic trend is revealed not only in the new shows but also in the series that CBS chose to cancel and renew. In the past, any series with a 35 Nielsen rating (i.e. 35% of all the homes watching TV at the time) has been a more or less automatic candidate for renewal the next season. But Bob Wood broke precedent last February by cancelling *Red Skelton*, *Jackie Gleason* and *Petticoat Junction*, each of which had high overall ratings but struck out demographically. Part of Wood's negotiations with Gleason, for instance, involved an attempt to persuade him to revive the urban-oriented Honeymooners comedy, which CBS projected could help capture the big city audience it wants. Gleason said no and left the network.

| IV |

Does all this frenzied activity mean that CBS is taking a great leap forward into the cultural revolution and committing itself to portray the seamy underside of urban reality? Not at all. The tear-jerking melodramas will continue to linger flatulently on afternoon programming, and the old chestnuts like *Green Acres* and *Beverly Hillbillies*—in new, strategic time-slots, but with the same old ideas—will continue to dominate evenings. If the "real and relevant" programs were any more than shucks, one would say that they were window-dressing for business as usual. But the CBS "new look" is the old in drag. *The Storefront Lawyers* would probably consider Charles Garry unprofessional, and the *Interns* aren't about to begin a crusade for socialized medicine. They all have their degrees and will be trying to get the youth audience to get theirs. The "goddamns" and the irreverent sex scenes have been erased from the salty TV pilot, *Those Were The Days*, and Bob Wood recently insisted that the cameramen black out Abbie Hoffman's American flag shirt during his appearance on the Merv Griffin Show.

The network's apparent infatuation with change actually extends no further than to changing the downward trends of ad revenues. Beyond that, CBS and its two dowager partners remain what they have always been, partisans of the status quo—so much so that they will even break the new rules Madison Avenue has given them.

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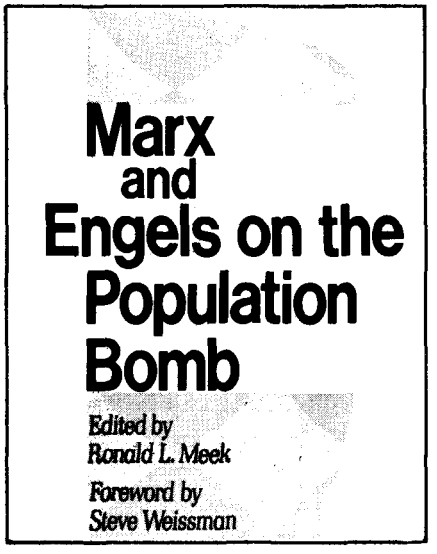

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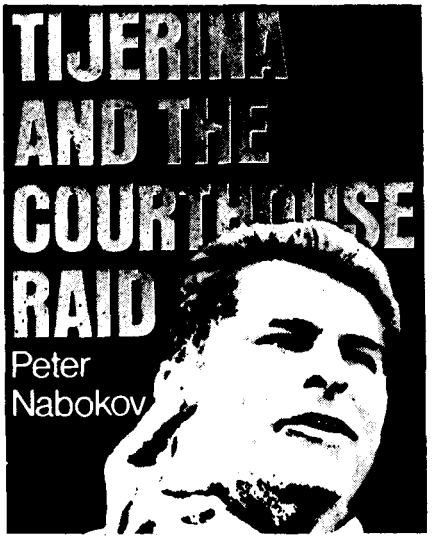

With their stunning raid on a courthouse in northern New Mexico on June 5, 1967, Reies Tijerina and his **Alianza** showed the world the level of frustration and desperation caused by three centuries of exploitation of **La Raza** in the southwestern United States. Peter Nabokov, who covered the Alianza's growth for the Santa Fe **New Mexican** describes the events leading up to and immediately following the raid. list price — $2.95

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Consider the cancellation of the *Smothers Brothers Comedy Hour*. The Brothers were a CBS property with a promising demographic profile. Young people who normally watched little TV were their regular viewers. Madison Avenue was getting the audience they supposedly want. But the comedy was "offensive." *Laugh-In* on NBC was dealing with many of the same issues—interracial dating, religious spoofs, etc.—and doing well. But *Laugh-In* was throw-away humor, while the Smothers Brothers made sporadic attempts to be serious, connecting the TV world and the world outside. That was intolerable.

Or take the much-discussed Democratic Convention of 1968. The ratings were fine, the demographics good. But the coverage brought the chaotic ship of state careening right into the living-room. Riots have been seen before and since on the television screen, but in this instance, events weren't controlled by the news editor. Riot scenes on the Cronkite News are acceptable because they come packaged in a totally reliable context, because they are comfortingly juxtaposed with silly ads and business as usual. A Presidential news conference or a moon shot may spill over the half-hour limit, but when rioters can call the shots themselves in a reality not shaped by some bureaucrat's heavy hand, Americans might worry whether Walter Cronkite really knows "the way it is." News programming is supposed to make the happenings of the outside world intelligible to the private life; it is not supposed to be too dispiriting. Viewers count on television to make the world palatable, and CBS has no intention of letting them down.

If CBS and its competitor-colleagues are committed to anything even more fanatically than to the profit motive, it is to holding together the social fabric. One of the new shows on its Fall Lineup is, in its own way, just as interesting as *The Storefront Lawyers* or *The Young Interns*, although not quite as pretentious. It is called *Arnie*, and it is very much like all the old shows that populate the vast wasteland, although more candid in its message. "Everybody likes to see a man turn into a success. . . . After all, isn't the Great American Dream built on the notion that an ordinary guy *can* make it to the top?" That's how CBS

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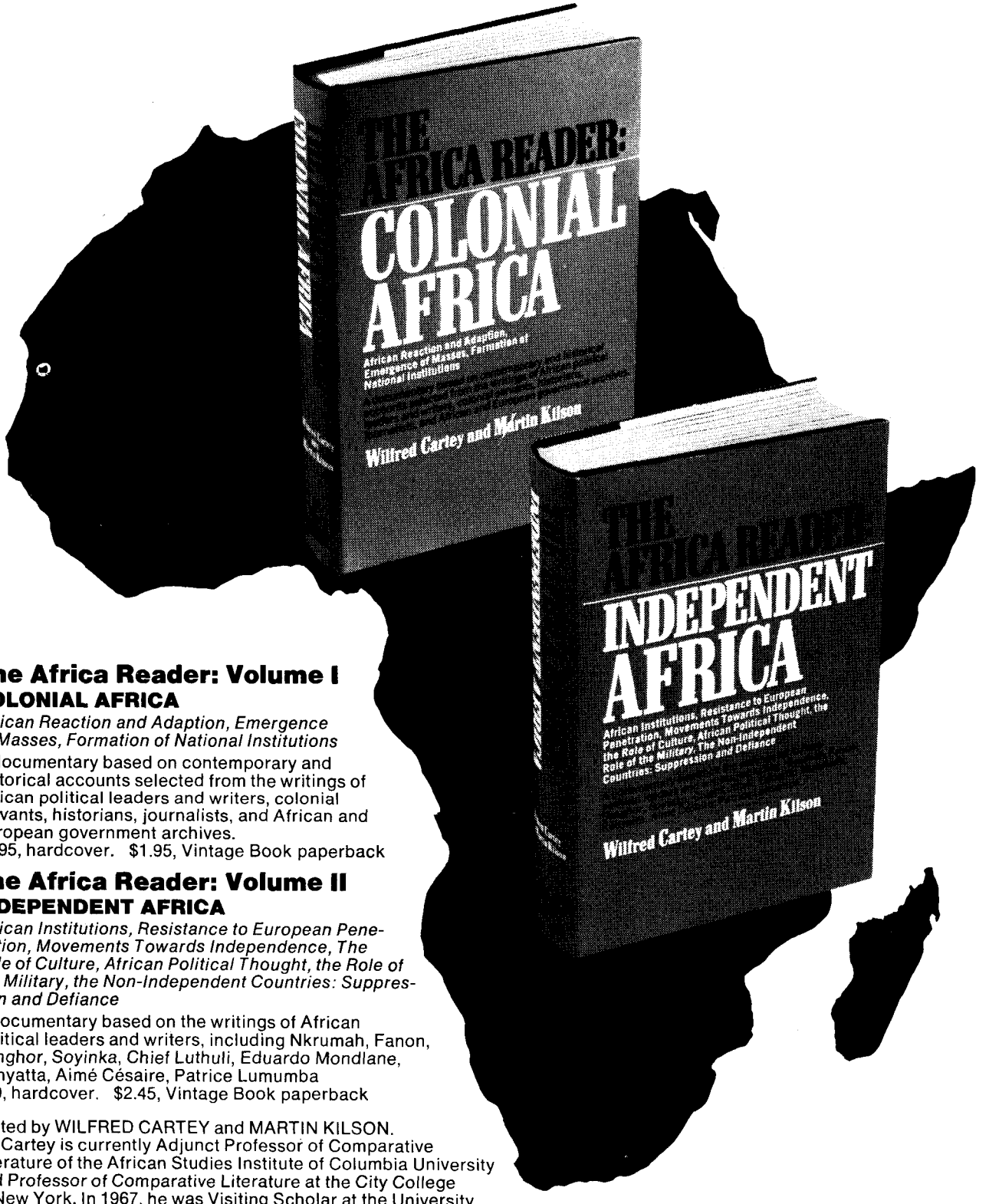
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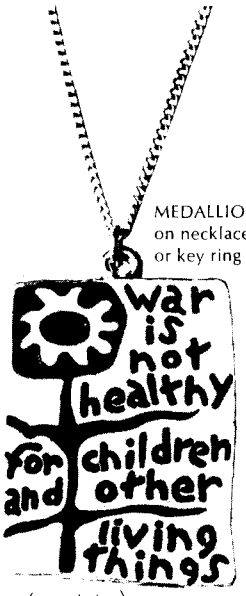

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[V]

THERE ARE PARADOXES IN all this, but they are the paradoxes television and the other media have inherited as their fair share of America—paradoxes they have learned to juggle with great virtuosity, especially since coming of age in the post-Gutenberg era. The fact that there is a basic contradiction between *relevant* and *addictive* programming doesn't worry CBS. It can use Madison Avenue's legerdemain to paper over the contradictions and it always has the image on the screen as proof that the message doesn't matter very much anyhow. Most of all, the network knows that it will last exactly as long as America does and, like America, it is willing to make the minor adjustments necessary to keep the machinery running in what passes for a smooth manner. At heart it knows that it has only one thing to fear: the mood that swept over Chicago and snuck into homes all over the country by the networks' own carelessness during the 1968 Democratic Convention. If CBS can keep this mood down to the nightclub imitations of reality on its new shows and to the two-minute slices of life on the Walter Cronkite News, then it knows it will have done its bit for counter-insurgency.

If this all seems abstract, it was nonetheless very much a practical matter at this year's CBS stockholders meeting. Eight women placed themselves strategically throughout the audience and sat through the opening remarks of Board Chairman Paley and President Stanton's description of sales curves. Then they sprang up, marched to the dais and shouted their anger. They had caught the network red-handed and brought the evidence with them: a CBS ad to the broadcast industry entitled "She Turns Us On." It was comprised of this message: ". . . She may have curlers on her head and sneakers on her feet but we've got a great mutual attraction. We've got something she wants. Diversion. . . . And she's got something we want. Buying power. When she's not using soaps, detergents, powders and polishes, she watches TV to learn about the soaps, detergents, powders and polishes she's going to buy."

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Chairman Paley, whose own wife collects art in the late afternoon, ordered the entire auditorium cleared so that the women's shouts would not have to be endured. John Schneider, executive vice president, sat stony-faced through the entire disruption. That was last April, and in August, Schneider wrote in an internal memo to CBS management: "Television must show a new image of a woman as a doer, as an educated, serious-minded individual person, not just a kitchen slave or a single swinger. . . . it has been suggested that the television industry become as sensitive about women in program content and advertising as they are concerning blacks."

The CBS brass will circulate more memos and tinker some more with the machinery they mistakenly think controls reality. But they could never understand that those women were not seeking program changes; nor were they asking for a new television image. The real demographic problem has to do with life, not program strategy. But to this, the most obvious fact, CBS' famous all-seeing eye remains blind—from the inside out.

— NEW PEOPLE MEDIA PROJECT

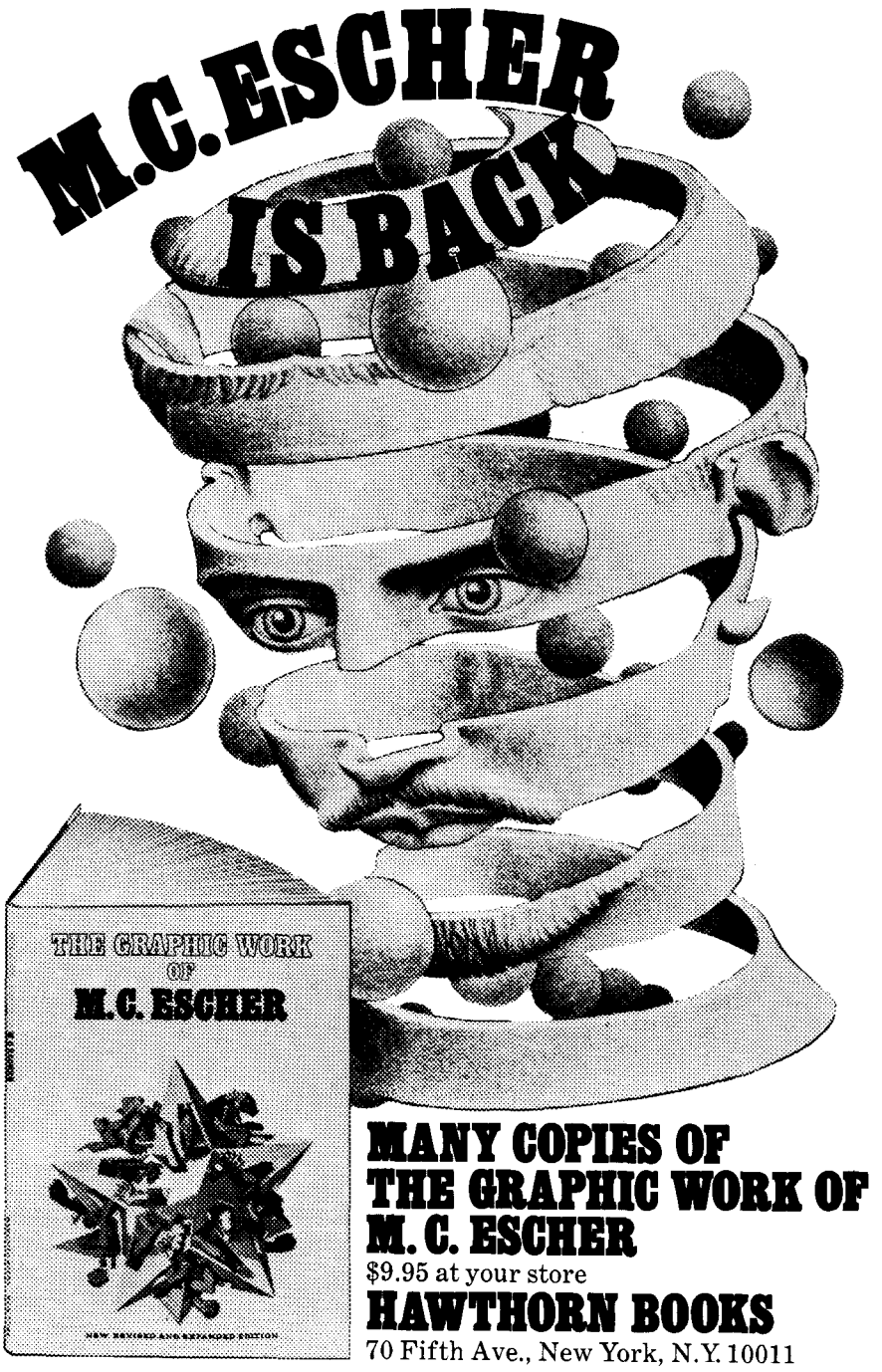
Books:

SEXUAL POLITICS. *By Kate Millet. Doubleday, 1970, $7.95.*

IN *A Room of Her Own,* Virginia Woolf asked the question: What would have become of Shakespeare's equally gifted sister, or of Shakespeare himself, if he had been born a woman? She answered: not much. Years later, we can ask the same question: what would have become of Henry Miller's equally gifted sister? And the answer isn't much different.

I recently saw a hero-worshipping film about Henry Miller, made by Robert Snyder. In it, the camera trails Miller around the streets of Paris; as he walks, he talks, profusely, to various male friends on his right hand. On his left, double-stepping to keep up, is Miller's wife. She is Japanese. She is usually left half off the screen. It is a profound image of sexism and racism —an image reflected in Miller's writings as well as those of other successful entrepreneurs of the literature of the male ego.

In this movie, the old friends Miller visits are all male except Anais Nin. Each friend is the "most famous," the "renowned," the "extremely gifted" something or other. They talk and talk, so well and charmingly, reminiscing endlessly. Either Miller's wife doesn't talk, or else everything but her smiles have been edited out—except in the



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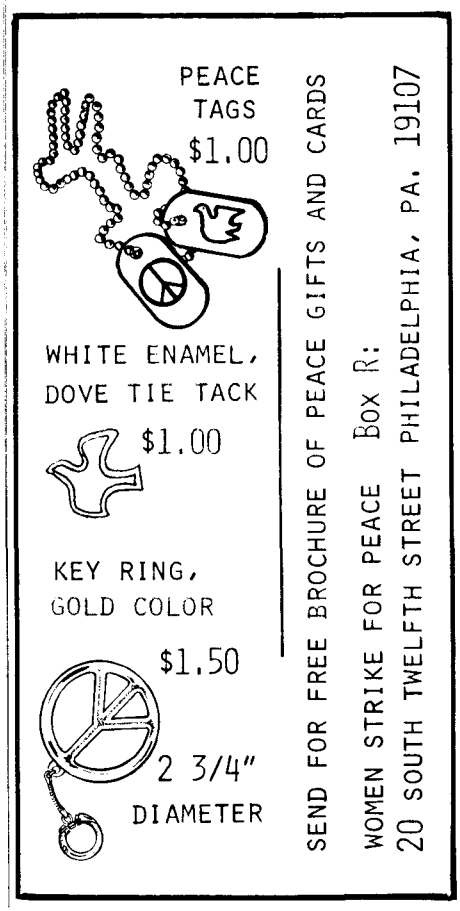
concluding scene of the movie, a Felliniesque birthday party for Miller. There she and her friends, also Oriental, announce that they are going to sing a song of their people and do so, while the famous, gifted, rich, white guests laugh and applaud. This is the role of women, and Third World people, in the images we are given of literary success.

Hostessing the movie when I saw it at Harvard was Anais Nin. She was like Betty Furness, opening the refrigerator to help sell it to Middle America. Her role was to stand up between reels and tell the folks how she had known Henry Miller forever, and how creative he was. Now, in my opinion, Anais Nin is easily equal to Henry Miller as a writer, and then some. Since she writes mainly of the subjective experience of being a woman, she hasn't been widely read until recently, and the male critics who juggle literary reputations mostly treat her as a freak. In this whole audience of Harvard *literati*, nobody but two women asked Anais Nin questions about anything but Henry Miller. I was left with all the old, dismal reflections on the place in our society of those geniuses who happen to be women.



KATE MILLET DEALS WITH this world—the world of cultural fashion—in her book *Sexual Politics*. She deals with much more. *Sexual Politics* is a major work of feminist history. It is an intellectual history of male supremacy as it has been practiced in North America and Western Europe in the last century and a half. The book includes a variety of good things, ranging from thoughts about homosexuality and the Pre-Raphaelites; to an analysis of the changes in the status of women after the fascist revolution in Germany and the socialist revolution in Russia; to the impact of Freud and his followers on women; to the development of modern feminism. It is divided about evenly between intellectual history of this kind, and literary criticism of sexual politics in the work of four contemporary writers: D. H. Lawrence, Henry Miller, Norman Mailer, and Jean Genet.

What is "sexual politics"? On the individual level, it is sex as a power relationship. On the level of the system, it is a power structure in which males are brought up to control females. Millet writes, "The fact is evident at once if one recalls that the military, industry, technology, universities, science, political office and finance—in short, every avenue of power within the society, including the coercive power of the police, is entirely in male hands. . . ."

A sexual revolution (as distinguished from the revolution in *marketing* sex *which is so often mistaken for it)* would mean the most radical changes in all these aspects of our society. Millet defines very clearly what she means by a sexual revolution: ". . . a sexual revolution would bring the institution of patriarchy to an end, abolishing both the ideology of male supremacy and the traditional socialization by which it is upheld in the matters of status, role, and temperament. This would produce an integration of the separate sexual subcultures, an assimilation by both sides of previously segregated human experience." It is clear to many people in women's liberation that you cannot do away with patriarchy and leave capitalism intact, but

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Millet's theory is not made explicit in this area.

MILLET'S BOOK IS USEFUL primarily for two things: her analysis of the structure of male supremacy, and her criticism of works that perpetuate sexist values. One of her most splendid bits of criticism is her defense of Charlotte Bronte's feminist novel *Villette:* "Literary criticism of the Brontes has been a long game of masculine prejudice . . . waged by anxious pedants who fear Charlotte might "castrate" them or Emily "unman" them with her passion. There is bitterness and anger in *Villette*—and rightly so. One finds a good deal of it in Richard Wright's *Black Boy,* too. To label it neurotic is to mistake symptom for cause in the hope of protecting oneself from what could be upsetting."

Millet's skill at close reading applies as well to the social sciences as to literature; she is at her most perceptive, for instance, in her criticism of Freud's invention, penis-envy. But *Sexual Politics* is valuable for more than Millet's criticism of accepted ideas. Millet has a great deal of her own to say. Her analysis of the connections between sexism and racism—structural, psychological, and literary—is an example of her skill at integrating different kinds of information. Her examination of the racist structure lying behind the black-man-rapes-white-woman theme in Lawrence is an example: "Such epics follow a well-paved story line which satisfies a host of white male expectations: the white woman is captured by 'savages'—and 'we all know how they treat their women'; she is forced to live in a state of utter humiliation and abjection, raped, beaten, tortured, finally stripped and murdered. Such little comedies serve to titillate the white male, intimidate "his woman," and slander the persons upon whom the white male has shifted the burden of his own prurient sadism. . . ."

A similar analysis of Mailer is tossed off in a sentence: "Nor is it very surprising that Rojack's victims should be women and blacks, or, with the exception of Rojack's service, the victims of Mailer's soldiers for three wars, Orientals: such are the white man's subjects, the objects of his dominant wrath." And the same racist theme in contemporary sociology is treated in another place: "Contemporary white sociology often operates under a similar patriarchal bias when its rhetoric inclines toward the assertion that the "matriarchal" (e.g. matrifocal) aspect of black society and the "castration" of the black male are the most deplorable symptoms of black oppression in white racist society, with the implication that racial inequality is capable of solution by a restoration of masculine authority. . . . [this] tends to obscure both the true character of and the responsibility for racist injustice toward black humanity of both sexes."

It is a very measured tone in which to draw conclusions; moreover, they are not the kind of conclusions that one can simply draw, intellectually, and continue to live as before. Millet understands the way the system works; having understood it, one must desire to change it; yet she pulls her punches. Of course, she is writing a scholarly work, not a piece of revolutionary propaganda. But that is just the trouble:

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her thought is compromised by its academic style and lack of political explicitness. In its own terms, *Sexual Politics* is a work of concerned politics, artistically executed; but these *terms* seem to me to make regrettable concessions to traditionally male and academic ideas of what a book should be like and to whom it should be addressed. Its scholarly apparatus and highly abstract language make it inaccessible to most readers. Its academic style is a barrier between the book and its potential public which will make it a less useful tool to our common liberation than it might have been if it had been written less abstractly, with more passion.

Sexual Politics is a very restrained book. Its anger is all contained. No doubt it is an elegant thing to use the oppressor's tools against him—to use all those abstractions, all the scholarly apparatus of so-called objectivity invented by white men to hide the fact that what they are writing always has political and personal meaning. But for a woman to write about male supremacy in such measured tones is itself a falsification.

Take even the writers Millet criticizes—I think of the *harm* they have done, the wounds in the minds of women that I know! How many women have been convinced by *Lady Chatterly's Lover* or Mailer's "The Time of Her Time" that the only way they could be legitimately sexual was to become more thoroughly sexual *objects?* (And, equally important, in how many men have they reinforced the belief that the only way to be a man was to act like a stormtrooper in bed?) A friend of mine, years ago, had her sense of her own unworthiness so corroberated by Mailer's writing that she wrote him a letter when he was in Bellevue (for stabbing his wife—and that's no *metaphor*), saying that she perfectly understood what he had been through and why he did it! It makes me angry to think about that. And I believe that this *anger* is a major weapon we women have for cutting through the centuries' accretion of sexist crap. Intellectual weapons, by themselves, are inadequate; and in this sense Millet's book is inadequate, for it does not talk about the effects of male supremacist ideas on people's lives, nor about how she feels about

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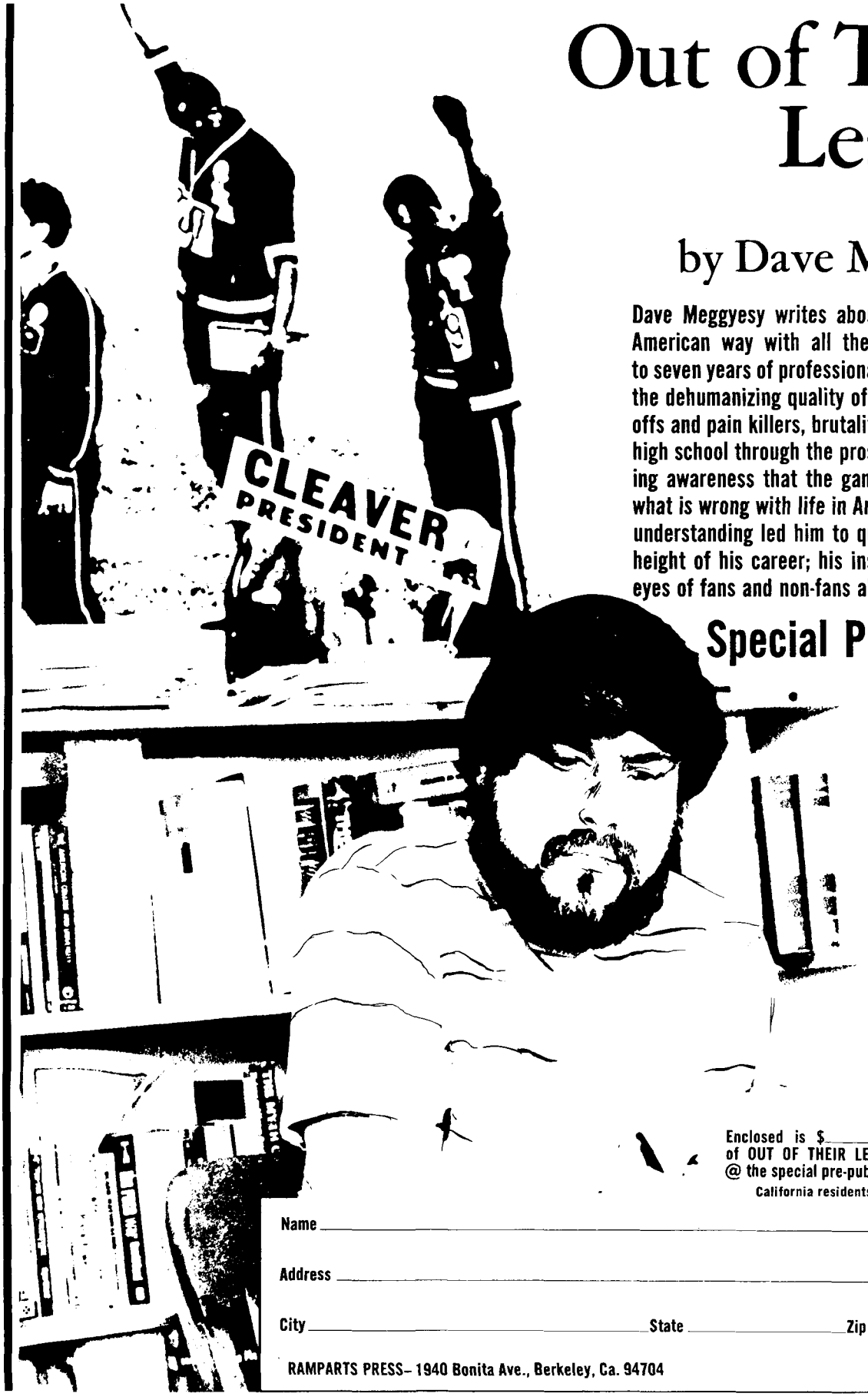

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these ideas. Her analysis of Mailer is illustrative: "Here the oppression of women as a group is invoked to provide an emotional model, even a style, for patriarchal warfare. When pushed very far, an oppressive system tends to become vicious. In Mailer's work the sexual animus behind reactionary attitudes erupt into open hostility." It is quite clear that Millet hates this system; but her hatred is not part of the subject of her book.

MILLET'S BOOK IS conventional in form; she has made a break with the content of white male culture, but not with its form or its methods. The women's liberation movement has already produced writings that are genuinely new in voice and form—but these are mostly pamphlets, newspapers, and leaflets; they are ephemeral, not legitimized by hardcover publication, and thus not the occasion for a review. It's a shame, but this kind of distortion of our events of real cultural significance goes on all the time.

If traditional approaches are inadequate, what would a woman's history that was a more complete expression of the politics of women's liberation look like? There are various different kinds that need to be written.

One is a history of white male culture as seen from underneath by members of a subject group—the kind of thing Fanon writes about the French. Millet's book comes close to that in some ways, but does not start from the experience of the oppressed, and thus is critical of white male culture without being able to transform it. Another type is the history of women's oppression as a group during various periods—an account of the complicated effects of male supremacy and the different ways it operates from class to class and race to race, in determining the structure of women's lives.

Both these kinds of history would be useful records of the damage that has been done to us as a sex. But until they can be united with a sense of women's collective power, women's achievements as a group, and cultural possibilities different from those of male supremacy, such history will remain only a description of the trap.

We need a history of how women in

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the past have seen this trap, and what they have done to get out of it, both collectively and as individuals. This history, to be real, must not be conventional history—that is, a record of events. It must not be a record of the actions of famous individuals, nor of elected officials, nor of legislation. It must be the history of the struggle of women as a sex. For most periods of history, this struggle will be exemplified by that of sub-groups of women who came from those classes of the population that had some room to move and thus were not entirely submerged in anonymous misery: In aristocratic periods, these will be small groups of privileged women; in bourgeois periods, they may be women merchants or intellectuals. Since the 19th century, when the industrial working class came into being, the history of women will reflect the struggle toward power and consciousness of proletarian women as a group.

Despite differences of class and caste women are unified by their common oppression as a sex; thus, even after the Industrial Revolution, the struggles of bourgeois and exceptional women will continue to have relevance to those of working-class women. They will not necessarily advance the struggle of working-class women, but they will affect it. (For instance, when white middle-class women win the right to buy legal abortions, this does not *necessarily* advance the struggle of white, brown, and black proletarian women, although it *may* do so). Since the beginning of the women's rights movement in the nineteenth century, the history of women has been partly a history of the complex interactions of the different groups of women in motion, within the framework of the struggle of the whole sex.

THE HISTORY OF WOMEN must focus on all the things conventional history leaves out. It must deal with process rather than events—the process of daily life. Because most women have been a submerged part of the population, beings who crop up only in birth and death records, rather than making speeches in Congress, we must pay attention to the fabric of their lives. What did they do while men were making speeches and

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wars? How did they live? For how long? Under what conditions?

And, most importantly, how did they *feel* about it? The history of women must include more even than the data of social historians—records of birth and death, of costumes, of courting customs. It must include those things that have been through the centuries most central to the lives of women: sexuality and birth and childrearing and housework. Since the whole realm of feelings and expressiveness has been relegated to women for so many centuries, women's history must be in part a history of women's *feelings*, expressed in their own words.

When white males write history, they consistently leave out people's feelings, as if they were trivial, or not sufficiently objective to be part of the record. "Just give us the facts, Ma'am." But feelings, and their causes and effects, are as important in making the history of a class as wars are in making the history of a nation.

People's feelings change as their environment changes, and are shaped by the details of their everyday life. Think how different a woman must have felt about her own body, dressed in the corsets, tight laces, high button shoes, and bustles of the '90s, from a flapper in the '20s, in her few silky garments, short skirts, and transparent stockings. In both cases she would have unavoidably thought of herself as a sexual object. But how different the images of her objectification would be and would feel: a walled garden versus an open field. When a woman revolutionary said in 1912, "I am free about everything but promiscuity; I am strictly puritanical about the home, and a monogamist," her feelings are history. They are part of how it felt to be a woman revolutionary in 1912, and we need to know this as much as we need to know how she acted.

Women's history must be a history of consciousness, of feelings, and of everyday life; since they are powerless, this is the only "history" most women have access to. Marx said of the working class that when it triumphs, history shall end, for the struggle between classes which produces what we call history shall no longer exist. But the history of working-class *women* only begins in revolutionary periods, for it is only in times of great social upheaval that the proletarian woman, the lowest of the low, is buoyed up on the radical upsurge to become visible to the historian. She will *remain* visible, as a group, only when society has utterly changed. Only in that process of revolution and its long aftermath will she be able to enact her own revolution, the end of divisions of roles and power between the sexes; and only then will her history be accomplished.

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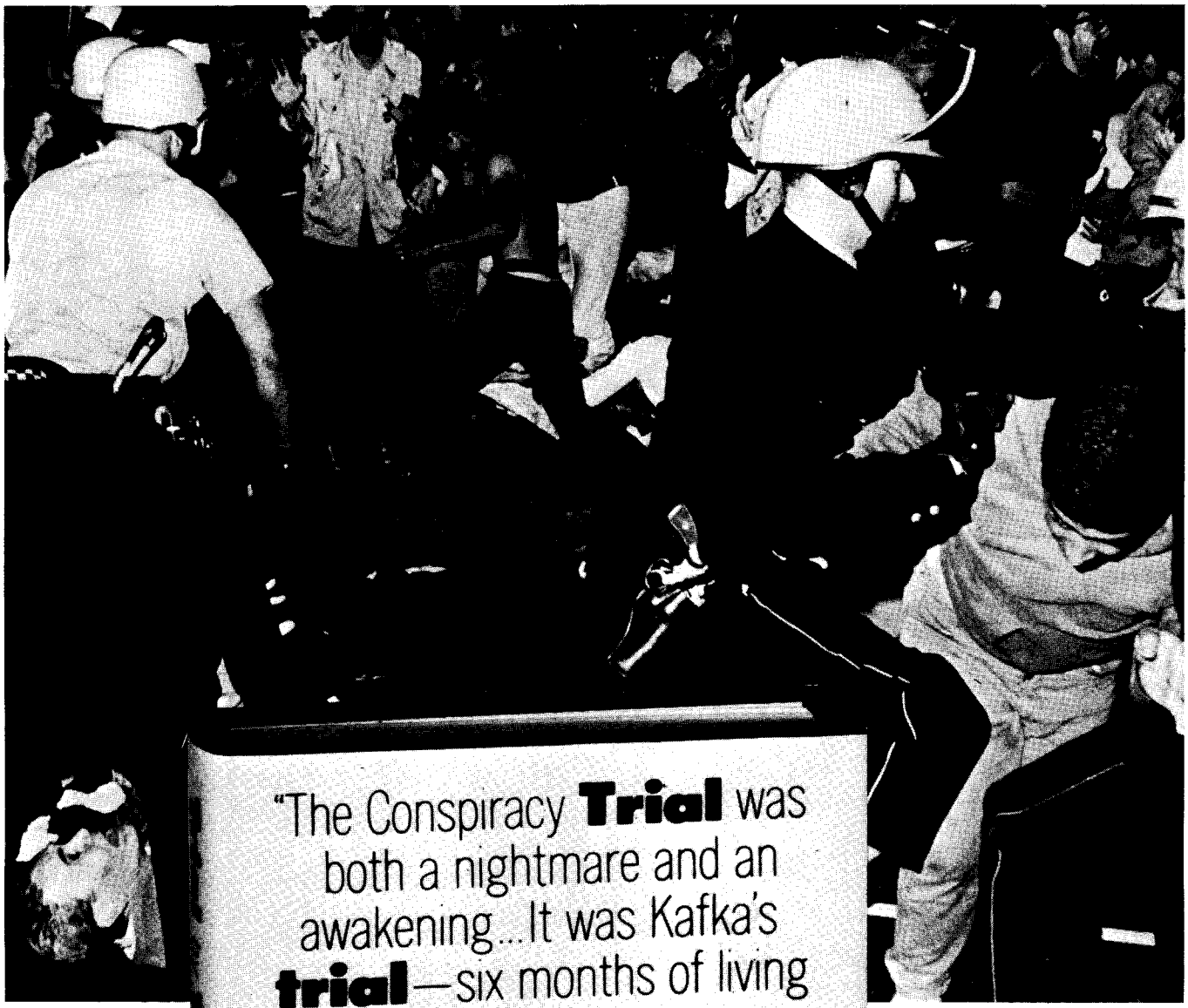

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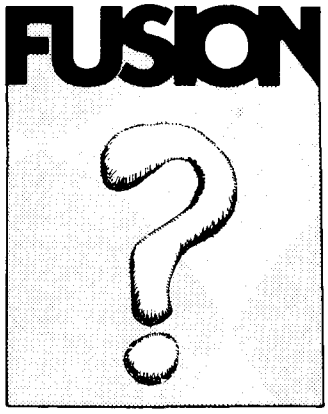

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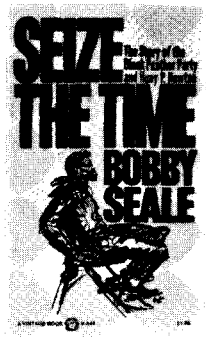

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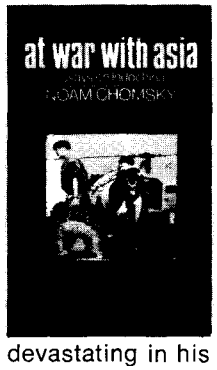

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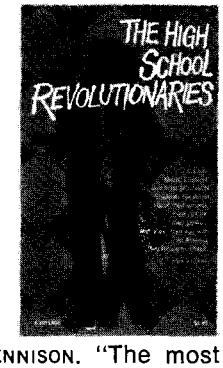

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305. RYER. LOVERS. Silkscreen on **artist canvas.** Rich browns, golds & tans. 18"x29". Pub. @ $15. Only **5.95**
530. On paper. **2.98**

276. PICASSO. THE OLD GUITARIST. Silkscreen on **artist canvas.** Blues and greens. 18"x26". Pub. @ $15. Only **5.95**

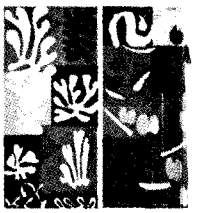
312. PICASSO. LES PETIT FLEURS. Silkscreen on **artist canvas.** The immortal bouquet in full color. 20"x26". Pub. @ $12. Only **5.95**

234. EL GRECO. VIEW OF TOLEDO. Lithograph on **artist canvas.** Stormy blues & greens. Fabled Spanish city. 20"x22". Pub. @ $35. Only **9.95**

204. MODIGLIANI. SKETCH OF GIRL. Silkscreen on **artist canvas.** Shades of red; black lines. 18"x24". Pub. @ $12. Only **5.95**
110. On paper. Only **2.98**

350. RYER. ETERNAL STRUGGLE. Silkscreen on **canvas** in rich tones of golden brown. 18"x24". Pub. @ $15. Only **5.95**
588. On paper. Only **2.98**

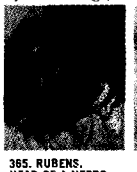
247. PICASSO. BLUE NUDE. Silkscreen on **artist canvas.** Soft blues and grays with black lines. 16"x20". Pub. @ $12. Only **5.95**
186. On paper. Only **2.98**



280. PAIR OF MATISSE MURAL Silkscreen on **artist canvas.** Brilliant contemporary murals in full color. Each 13"x28". Pub. @ $18. The Pair **6.9**
505. On paper. The Pair **3.9**

260. MODIGLIANI. RECLINING NUDE. Silkscreen on **artist canvas** of the sensuous figure study. Glowing flesh tones on flaming red background. Modigliani's loveliest lady in repose. One of the famous artist's most renown works. 16"x25". Pub. @ **$18.** Only **5.95**

369. MATISSE. THE LEAVES. Silkscreen on **artist canvas.** Bright blue green brown red orange & black. 24"x30". Pub. @ $18. Only **6.95**

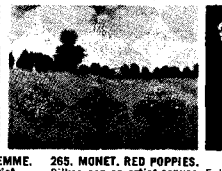


365. RUBENS. HEAD OF A NEGRO. Lithograph on **artist canvas.** Mellow golds & browns. 18"x24". Pub. @ $15. Only **5.95**

325. CHABAS. SEPTEMBER MORN. Delicate lithograph on **artist canvas.** Bathing figure depicted in pale translucent sunlight colors. A classic from the Metropolitan Museum. 18"x24". Pub. @ $15. Only **5.95**

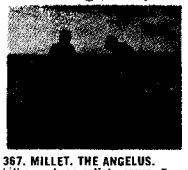
587. THE SILENT MAJORITY. Arlington Cemetery. Lithograph on fine art paper. Exciting full color. 22"x30". Only **2.98**

308. PICASSO. FEMME. Silkscreen on **artist canvas** of amusing drawing. Black on white. 16"x20". Pub. @ $7. Only **2.98**



265. MONET. RED POPPIES. Silkscreen on **artist canvas.** Full color impressionist masterpiece of figures strolling through a summer field of bright flowers . 18"x24". Pub. @ $25. Only **7.95**

300. PICASSO. CORRIDA DES TOROS. Silkscreen **artist canvas.** The epic splendor of the bullrin in brilliant color. 20"x Pub. @ $15. Only **5.95**



367. MILLET. THE ANGELUS. Lithograph on **artist canvas.** From the Louvre. Faithfully reproduced in the true colors. A serene homage to man's inner strength. 20"x24". Pub. @ $20. Only **6.95**

285. HUG. THE LEOPARD. Lithograph on **artist canvas.** The magnificent feline in golden shades of brown, tan, yellow. 22"x28". Only **5.95**
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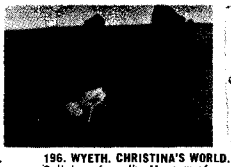
314. OROZCO. ZAPATISTAS. Silkscreen on **artist canvas.** Powerful protest by the great Mexican artist. Full vibrant color. 18"x22". Pub. @ $35. Only **9.95**

368. PICASSO. PROFILE. Silkscreen on **artist canvas.** Unusually sensitive line drawing in black on solid white. 16"x20". Pub. @ $7. Only **2.98**



196. WYETH. CHRISTINA'S WORLD. Collotype from the Museum of Modern Art on fine art paper. Girl in open field of grass in harvest colors. Classic American Art. 28"x40". Only **7.50**

371. WAR'S NOT HEALTHY FOR CHILDREN & OTHER LIVING THINGS. Silkscreen on **artist canvas.** Sparkling red, yellow & magenta. 22"x32". Pub. @ $12. Only **5.95**
610. On paper. Only **2.98**

316. MUNCH. THE KISS. Lithograph on **artist canvas.** Soft drawing in grays and blacks. 16"x20". Pub. @ $12. Only **4.95**

282. HUG. THE CAT Lithograph on **artist canv** The beautiful Siamese in golden shades of brown, yellow. 22"x28". Only **508.** On paper. Only

277. ROUSSEAU. VIRGIN FOREST AT SUNSET. Silkscreen on **artist canvas.** Bold jungle colors featuring strong greens clear yellow & sun orange. 20"x28". Pub. @ $23. Only **7.95**

343. HUG. CHEETAH. Lithograph on **artist canvas.** In shades of brown, yellow & tan. 22"x28". Only **5.95**
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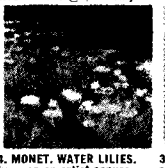

254. MONET. WATER LILIES. Silkscreen on **artist canvas** in lovely shades of purple lavender & blue. Impressionist masterpiece. 22"x22" Pub. @ $20. Only **6.95**

386. LOVE. Silkscreen on **artist canvas.** A many splendored poster. Two happy hearts in red, orange & yellow with 2240 giddy dots. 22"x32". Pub. @ $10. Only **4.95**
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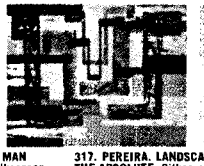
262. HAUSMAN. A MAN AND A WOMAN. Silkscreen on artist canvas. "Now" colors. 16"x23". Pub. @ $15. Only **5.95**
523. On paper. Only **2.98**



317. PEREIRA. LANDSCAPE OF THE ABSOLUTE. Silkscreen on **artist canvas.** Beautiful abstract master work in various shades of blue on white. 20"x25". Pub. @ $20. Only **9.95**

283. HUG. THE TIGER. Lithograph on **artist canvas.** The magnificent feline in golden shades of brown, tan, yellow. 22"x28". Only **5.95**
509. On paper. Only **2.98**

217. KLEE. THE LONELY ON A whimsical color fantasy. Contemporary silkscreen o **artist canvas.** 20"x28". Pub. @ $15. Only **5.9**
147. On paper. Only **2.9**

266. REMBRANDT. MAN IN A GOLDEN HELMET. Silkscreen on **artist canvas.** Browns, golds & black. 20"x27". Pub. @ $10. Only **5.95**

261. PICASSO. DON QUIXOTE. Silkscreen on **artist canvas.** Stirring tribute to the Man of La Mancha in black & white. 18"x24". Only **2.98**

344. HUG. TIGER. Lithograph on **artist canvas.** Shades of brown, tan & yellow on red background. 22"x28". Only **5.95**
576. On paper. Only **2.98**

212. VAN GOGH. SUNFLOWERS. Silkscreen **artist canvas.** Vibrant palette of yellows greens & browns. 20"x26". Pub. @ $17. Only **6.95**

299. DAUMIER. DON QUIXOTE. Silkscr. on **canvas.** Magnificent full color. 18"x26". Pub. @ $15. Only **5.95**

279. FRAGONARD. YOUNG GIRL READING. Silkscreen on **artist canvas** in all the lovely sunlight colors of the famed original. 20"x26". Pub. $17. Only **6.95**

295. RYER. SEATED NUDE. Silksc. on **canvas.** Browns, golds & yellows. 20"x32". Pub. @ 15. Only **5.95**
518. On paper. **2.98**

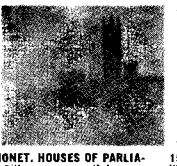
198. SUPPOSE THEY GAVE A WAR — AND NOBODY CAME. Silkscreen on paper. Dayglo red & black. 25"x38". A classic poster. Special **4.95**

318. RYER. RAPE OF THE SABINES. Silkscreen **canvas** in full color. 14"x33". Only **5.95**
538. On paper. **2.98**

271. VAN GOGH. STARRY NI Silkscreen on **artist canvas.** Spectacular cypress trees against swirling starlit sky. Blues, greens & purples. 18"x24". Pub. $35. Only **9.9**

269. MONET. REGATTA AT ARGENTEUIL. Silkscreen on **artist canvas.** French impressionist masterpiece. A panoply of subdued marine colors. 18"x27". Pub. @ $25. Only **6.95**

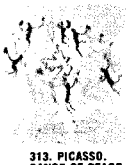
565. WHEN THE BOMB GOES OFF. Caustic lithograph on fine coated paper in stark black & white. A dynamic & topical poster. 22"x25". Only **1.98**



270. MONET. HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT. Silkscreen on **artist canvas** in full color. View from London Bridge overlooking the Thames. 20"x22". Pub. @ $20. Only **$6.95**

150. MUSIC MANUSCRIPT WITH ASTROLOGERS. Silkscreen on parchment paper. Black script & soft pastel colors. 20"x30". Special **3.95**

607. MAKE A COMMITMENT. Silkscreen on fine art paper. Brilliant dayglo yellow, pink, green, orange, blue & purple on black background. 23"x35". Pub. @ $10 Only **3.95**



313. PICASSO. DANCE OF PEACE. Silkscreen on **artist canvas.** A color carousel. 20"x26". Pub. @ $12. Only **5.95**

315. RYER. THE WRESTLERS. Original silkscreen on **artist canvas.** Truly exciting in creams, bronze, avocado & gray. 20"x26". Pub. @ $15. Only **5.95**
539. On paper. Only **2.98**

366. MILLET. THE GLEANE Lithograph on **artist canv** A moving French masterpi from the Louvre in glorio harvest colors. 18"x24". Pub. @ $20. Only **6.95**

252. PICASSO. THREE MUSICIANS. Silkscreen on **artist canvas.** Cubist masterpiece in strong & muted colors. 22"x24". Pub. @ $18. Only **5.95**

230. PICASSO. GUERNICA. Lithograph on **artist canvas.** A poignant war protest depicting the horror at the bombing of the Basque town of Guernica during the Spanish Civil War. In stark variations of grays, black and white. 16"x35". Pub. @ $18. Only **6.95**
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528. BEN SHAHN. POSTER. Black & brown on fine white paper. 30"x45". Special **3.95**

310. MODIGLIANI. PORTRAIT OF A GIRL. Silkscreen on canvas Reds, pinks & blacks 16"x27". Only **2.98**
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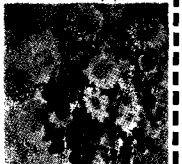
245. PICASSO. MATERNITY. Silkscreen on **artist canvas.** Madonna-like figure in soft iridescent blue, black & pink shades. 15"x20". Pub. @ $20. Only **7.95**



264. MONET SUNFLOWERS. Silkscreen on **artist canvas.** The classic still life in lush colors. 19"x24". Pub. @ $20. Only **6.95**

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